

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 143

JULY, 1954

No. 857

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

SOURCES OF SOVIET POWER

SIR OLAF CAROE

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

MARK CHAPMAN-WALKER

CHRISTIANITY AT CAMBRIDGE

REV. SIMON PHIPPS

SAVING GEORGIAN HOUSES

A. W. ACWORTH

MORE POEMS

WALTER DE LA MARE

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, ERIC
GILLET, SIR GERALD BARRY, ANDREW WORDSWORTH,
PETER BAILEY, R. GLYNN GRILLS, MILWARD KENNEDY,
JOHN B. WOOD, AND ALEC ROBERTSON

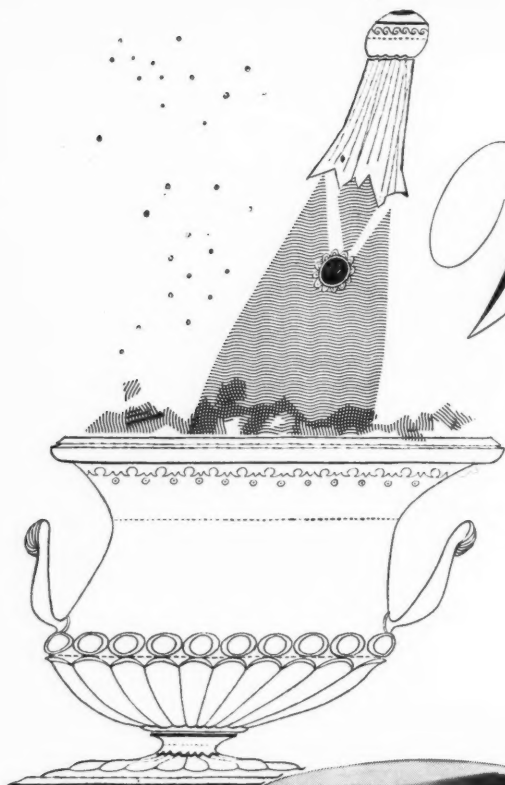
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

TWO SHILLINGS

R.

v. 143

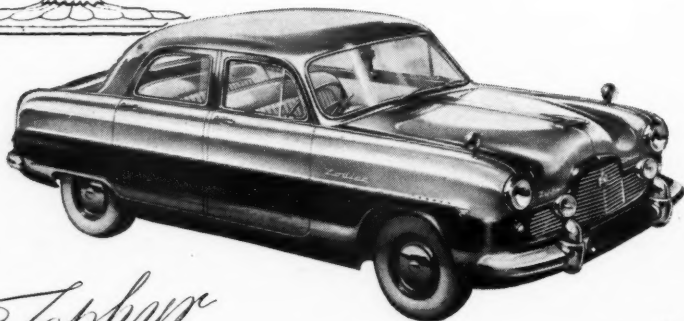
Jy-D'54



Vintage 1954

In every community there are people who have a flair for good-living, a sense of style. That it is such people who have made the Zephyr Zodiac the most admired car of recent years tells you a great deal about the car itself.

If you have just discovered the exhilaration of '5-Star' motoring, you will find 1954 a year to remember.



THE

Zephyr ZODIAC

IS A LOVELY CAR



Ford '5 Star' Motoring ★ the best at lowest cost
67

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS

JULY, 1954

Episodes of the Month. <i>The Editor</i>	5
Sources of Soviet Power. <i>Sir Olaf Caroe</i>	15
Return of the Native. <i>Mark Chapman-Walker</i>	22
Christianity at Cambridge. <i>The Rev. Simon Phipps</i>	26
McCarthy in the Raw. <i>Denys Smith</i>	30
Saving Georgian Houses. <i>A. W. Acworth</i>	34
More Poems. <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	40
Fifty Years Ago	42
Books New and Old:	
Courage and Comedy. <i>Eric Gillett</i>	43
Curiosity and Enjoyment. <i>Sir Gerald Barry</i>	48
The Scope of Epic. <i>Andrew Wordsworth</i>	49
Right-Wing Radicals. <i>Peter Bailey</i>	50
Pre-Raphaelite Card. <i>R. Glynn Grylls</i>	52
Novels. <i>Milward Kennedy</i>	54
Books in Brief. <i>E.G.</i>	56
Financial: What Are Company Reserves? <i>John B. Wood</i>	57
Record Review. <i>Alec Robertson</i>	61

*Insure
with*

*For prospectus and full information
on all classes of Insurance write to :—*

Chief Administration :

7, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2



YOU CAN'T BEAT

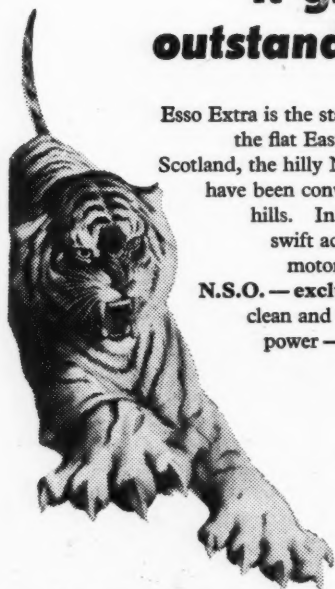


WITH

N.S.O.

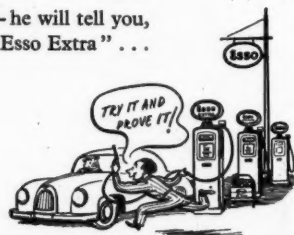
(ESSO PATENT)

**It gives the most
outstanding performance**



Esso Extra is the star performer amongst petrols. Motorists in the flat Eastern Counties have proved its economy. In Scotland, the hilly North, and Wales, thousands more motorists have been convinced of its tremendous power for climbing hills. In towns and cities its extra quick starting and swift acceleration have confirmed it as the choice of motorists for driving in traffic. And all the time, **N.S.O. — exclusive to Esso Petrols —** is keeping engines clean and free breathing — developing their maximum power — and greatly extending the life of the valves.

Ask any Extra motorist — he will tell you,
"You can't beat Esso Extra" . . .



IT'S THE FINEST PETROL IN THE WORLD

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

SIR OLAF CAROE, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.: late I.C.S. and Indian Political Service. Secretary, External Affairs Dept., 1939-45. Governor, North-West Frontier Province, 1946-7. Author of *Wells of Power* and *Soviet Empire*.

MARK CHAPMAN-WALKER, C.B.E., M.V.O.: Chief Publicity Officer of the Conservative Party since 1949. Served throughout World War II and ended it as Chief of Staff to General Carton de Wiart in the Far East.

THE REV. SIMON PHIPPS: Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge, since 1953. Formerly Curate at Huddersfield.

DENYS SMITH: Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

A. W. ACWORTH, B.LITT., F.S.A.: Barrister. Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Acting Secretary of the Georgian Group.

WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M., C.H.: Eminent poet, who last year celebrated his eightieth birthday.

ERIC GILLETT: Literary Editor of *The National and English Review*.

SIR GERALD BARRY: Editor of the *News Chronicle*, 1936-47. Director-General, Festival of Britain, 1951.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH: Assistant Master at Bryanston School. Broadcast script writer.

PETER BAILEY: National Chairman of the Young Conservatives since October, 1953. Has contested Clay Cross, Broxtowe and Kettering as a Conservative.

JOHN B. WOOD: Worked in the Cabinet Office, Economic Section, 1944-6; in the Conservative Research Department, 1948-50; in the City office of the *Manchester Guardian*, 1951-3. Now working in a merchant bank.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

The World's Greatest Bookshop

FOYLES
★ FOR BOOKS ★

Bookbuyers throughout the world turn to this Bookshop as a knowledgeable source of information on all their Book requirements. And from generation to generation they praise and recommend Foyles—and buy their Books here.

Subscriptions taken for British, American and Continental Magazines.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

Two minutes from Tottenham Court Road Station

Britain's leading cars are at **HENLYS**



JAGUAR

ROVER



In addition to being Jaguar and Rover distributors, Henlys are agents for most leading makes of British cars. Henlys also have an incomparable selection of used cars at attractive prices, all guaranteed and with 7 days' free trial. Henlys offer you *everything* in skilled servicing—from minor adjustments to major overhauls, with big stocks of spares, and filling station service with courtesy and promptness.

Whatever you want in Motoring—
you want to **HENLYS**
go to

Henly House, 285 Euston Road, N.W.1. EUS 4444.
Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1. GRO 2257.
Branches: 1-5 Peter St., Manchester. The Square, Bournemouth.
Cheltenham Road, Bristol. 182 London Road, Camberley.
A. Mulliner Ltd., Bridge Street, Northampton.

England's Leading Motor Agents • Over 30 Depots

FIRST for Strength, Safety and Service

The Dunlop Fort offers you *more miles of trouble-free service* than any other tyre. Reflect for a moment—an extra strong casing... a wide, flat tread with skid-resisting teeth and knife cuts... deep tread pattern... a rubber liner to resist casing damage. The Dunlop Fort is strong and flexible—the tyre for the motorist who is willing to pay a little extra for the very best.



**DUNLOP
FORT**

In a Class by Itself



THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

AS we sit down to comment upon the affairs of June the Geneva Conference is still precariously in being and in France a new Prime Minister is beginning to shoulder his heavy task. M. Mendès-France is a brave and capable man, but he will have to show ability of a most unusual kind, and enjoy an overflowing measure of luck, if he is to solve the Indo-Chinese problem within the space of one month. It was he himself who prescribed this time-limit, and we are inclined to think that he may have made a serious blunder in doing so. He has limited in one vital respect his own freedom to negotiate, but he may have been gambling on the interest which Russia and China must have, for commercial reasons, in the conclusion of an armistice, and their possible feeling that if they do not come to terms with him they may never again find France and her allies so tractable. If this gamble works, M. Mendès-France may emerge as one of the world's most important statesmen; if it fails, he will swiftly pass into the over-populated limbo of post-war French Prime Ministers. Meanwhile no one can fail to admire his courage in giving his whole career as a hostage to fortune, in seeking—and obtaining—investiture from the Assembly without counting the Communist votes, and in assuming the office of Foreign Minister as well as that of Prime Minister, at a time when either might be thought an almost overwhelming burden.

To Whom the Red River Delta?

INDO-CHINA contains two great centres of population and rice production—the Mekong delta in the south and the Red River delta in the north. The latter of these is the immediate goal of the Viet-Minh forces, and it must be extremely difficult to negotiate a cease-fire while the fate of the delta is still undecided in the military sense. If the French Union forces were secure in Hanoi and Haiphong, and the chances of a successful assault upon them were remote, the enemy would no doubt be quite ready to come to terms. Equally, if the French had been defeated and had been compelled to “do a Dunkirk” from the Red River delta, it

would be comparatively easy for a French negotiator to concede the northern part of the country—though the Bao Dai regime might be less accommodating. But so long as there is any hope among the Viet-Minh of conquering, or among the French of defending, the delta region, it will be very hard for either side to agree to an armistice.

Intervention Unlikely

OPINIONS differ as to the ability of the French Union forces to hold the Red River position on their own, but it has been hinted by several observers on the spot that they will be unable to do so without foreign intervention—or what Mr. Dulles has called “united action.” Such action is still possible, but we feel that it is on the whole unlikely. Apart from the political dangers which it would entail, the military advantages of intervention would be doubtful. If American troops were sent to the Red River, Chinese troops would immediately be sent to reinforce the Viet-Minh army, in equal or superior numbers, and the appearance of Chinese aircraft would be an even more sinister development. The conditions which Mr. Dulles has laid down for American intervention are so stringent, that we feel they may have been intended to be prohibitive.

Cease-fire First—

IT should now be the aim of Western statesmen to bring about a cease-fire in Indo-China, even at some cost in territory and prestige. Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden will be going to Washington at the end of this month and we hope that they will agree with Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles a common policy for Asia. Recent divergences between the United States and the Commonwealth have been most harmful to the cause, and we trust that personal discussion among friends will remove most of the misunderstanding. The American leaders may want to be assured that the Commonwealth attitude is not infected with defeatism or neutralism, and the British Ministers will want to know for certain that the advocates of an all-out war against China are not in the ascendant in Washington. We are confident that the outcome will be satisfactory, though the imminence of elections in the United States is to be regretted.

—Then Firm Military Guarantees

WHEN the fighting stops in Indo-China, then will be the time to intervene; and it should then be possible for the free nations of the West and of Asia to intervene together, in the form of a joint policing operation. Such intervention would be peaceful, but it would be the best means of establishing military security and of checking Chinese expansion. Firm military guarantees should be given, by as many Powers, Asian as well as European, as are interested and will co-operate, to those nations,

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

including what remains of Viet-Nam, which might be the victims of aggression or subversion. Thus might be built a solid and enduring front against Communism in Asia, which would enable the peoples on both sides of it to forget their dreams, or fears, of conquest and enjoy a period of peaceful co-existence.

Asia and the Americans

IT is ironical to note that some Americans, having discovered that their country is by no means so popular in Asia as its goodwill and generosity entitle it to be, are attributing the fact to its too close association with "Imperialist" Powers like Britain. This revival of a traditional bogey is no doubt gratifying to American feelings, but it is also very confusing to American minds, because Asia is to-day less concerned with foreign rule of the old-fashioned kind than with political subjection seen as the accompaniment, or consequence, of economic dependence. Speaking in New York earlier this year Mr. Moekarto, the Indonesian Ambassador, made this point very clear, and he observed in illustration that his own country and Malaya were completely dependent on two exports, rubber and tin, the prices of which were fixed by American fiat, while countries such as India could not hope to feed and employ their rapidly expanding populations without recourse to foreign capital and know-how—again mostly American.

In other words, American economic power is now paramount, and the unpopularity of Americans in some parts of Asia derives principally from the way in which that power is exercised. There have been occasions on which it has been used with little consideration, and as a means of bringing political pressure to bear. This may not be Imperialism in the sense that George Washington understood the term, but it is resented no less by Asian nationalists of the present age.

Slogans are not Enough

ANOTHER point which some Americans seem to overlook is that abstract slogans are no answer to the appeal of Communism in underdeveloped countries and among primitive peoples. The latter are informed that Russia, thirty years ago a State without industry and with an elementary type of agriculture, has within a generation built up an advanced, self-contained and apparently successful economy. Individual freedom has never been a feature of Asian society, and the great mass of Asians may now regard it as a price worth paying for economic security and a higher standard of living.

It should therefore be evident that, if the West is to hold the goodwill of such countries as India and Indonesia, it must concentrate upon practical assistance without in any way violating or offending the spirit of national independence, which is the strongest emotional antidote to Communism. Sanctimonious references to Liberty and Democracy,

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

combined with the irritants of alien patronage and interference, could do as much to lose us the support of Asians as any direct Communist propaganda.

Overseas Civil Service

THE Colonial Secretary's energy seems inexhaustible and we trust that he has recovered from the fall which upset his recent visit to Nyasaland. His latest achievement is timely—the reorganization of the century-old Colonial Service under the new title Overseas Civil Service. The word “Colony” and all its derivatives are now suspect, and an attempt is being made to preserve the substance of British administration in those territories where it is still badly needed, without forfeiting goodwill through the continued use of obsolete and objectionable terminology. Some may think that the title “Commonwealth Service” might have been preferable, as being less suggestive of remote control and more obviously distinct from the Foreign Service. But that is a detail, and the reform as a whole deserves very warm support.

Stronger Treasury Backing Needed

IN practice, however, it will depend less upon the backing of public opinion than upon the Treasury's backing, which is notoriously hard to come by. Unless there is adequate security, men of the highest quality cannot be expected to enlist; and it is idle to suppose that the onus can at once be shifted from Whitehall to “successor” governments in overseas territories, such as the Gold Coast. The good faith of Dr. Nkrumah and individuals like him is not to be doubted, but the general tendency of nationalist governments, in the first flush of independence, is rather to penalize than to vote money to the foreigner. We must therefore urge Mr. Lyttelton to insist upon stronger support for his scheme from Mr. Butler than seems at present to be contemplated. In our opinion, nothing less than a hard-and-fast guarantee from the Treasury will serve; and although such a commitment would naturally be uncongenial to a Chancellor who is under constant pressure to economize, we are sure that it would be justified by the resulting confidence and high standards of the Overseas Civil Service.

Crichel Down

SIR ANDREW CLARK'S report on the Crichel Down imbroglio has focussed attention upon our Civil Service at home and has demonstrated once again the endemic evils of bureaucracy. The last word has yet to be said on this question, but two issues are clearly involved—one important, the other vital—and these must now be considered.

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

First, to what extent is the political head of a department morally bound to uphold the actions of his officials? Sir Thomas Dugdale has so far placed himself not exactly in opposition to Sir Andrew Clark's findings, but decidedly not in accordance with them. He appears to think it his duty to command the rearguard action which his department is fighting against the expert opinion of a distinguished Q.C. and the righteous indignation of parliamentarians and countless ordinary citizens. It is possible that he may have arguments up his sleeve which he has not yet used, and we will therefore refrain from specific criticism of the Minister. But we feel it is relevant to suggest that Ministerial responsibility in matters of this kind is not automatic and unconditional, but must always depend upon the accuracy of the information which the Civil Service supplies. If the facts upon which a Minister is asked to take a decision are fully known to him, but he nevertheless decides wrongly and is subjected to political attack, he must then face the consequences, for in such a case he and he alone is responsible. But if the facts presented to him are incorrect or insufficient, and he takes a bad decision through having been misled rather than through an error of judgment, he should then be free to blame and punish his officials. This is a doctrine which may not appeal to the Civil Service, but it may well be thought that the security and anonymity of that Service can be carried too far. Even politicians must have their rights.

Personal Rights in Danger

FAR more important, however, than the rights of politicians are the rights of freeborn Englishmen when confronted by the modern State. This is the vital issue which is raised by the Crichel Down affair. Those who cherish the absurd illusion that, while the actions of private individuals are incompetent or capricious, State action is wise, deliberate and "in the public interest," should study Sir Andrew Clark's report. When property is taken out of private hands, it is not entrusted to demigods; it is simply transferred to another set of human beings who may be far less qualified to hold and develop it than its former owners. "The State" is an abstract term, but the reality is flesh and blood, and subject to all the weaknesses of common humanity, aggravated by the peculiar failings of bureaucracy.

In recent years the private owner of property has been an unpopular figure. It has been widely assumed that he is not only prone to original sin (a fact which could be taken for granted), but also, from a national point of view, archaic, uneconomic and unethical. This attitude has been too often combined with an irrational faith in the State, a determination that the State should own and control property. The results have been disastrous in many fields, and the country's economy has been seriously impaired. But even this is less to be deplored than the threat to personal rights, which has yet to be removed. Crichel Down may have the same value as a *cause célèbre* as that of Hampden and Ship Money or Wilkes and Special Warrants. If so, it will have served a glorious purpose.

Sir Dudley North

ANOTHER case in which an individual seems to have been unfairly victimized by the State machine is that of Sir Dudley North. This has recently been discussed in Parliament and the Press, but the Department in question—the Admiralty—has yet to modify its attitude of intransigence.

The facts of the case are now fairly well known, and were set forth in *The National Review* as long ago as October 1948, when Admiral Thursfield contributed an article with the suggestive title "*Pour Encourager les Autres.*" Admiral Sir Dudley North was commanding the North Atlantic station at the time of the unsuccessful Dakar expedition in September 1940. His headquarters were at Gibraltar and it therefore fell to him to decide whether or not to stop the six Vichy French warships which passed through the Straits on September 11 and made their way to Dakar. In accordance, as he thought, with his instructions, he let them pass, and it has subsequently been admitted that the Admiralty itself and the Foreign Office were much to blame for the fact that definite orders were not sent to Gibraltar that the French ships should be stopped. It has also been established that the presence of these ships at Dakar was not, as was thought at the time, of any great significance in affecting the success or failure of the expedition. Nevertheless, Sir Dudley North was relieved of his command for the specific reason that he did not take "all prudent precautions" in regard to the French ships; and his request for a court martial or court of enquiry has consistently been refused.

Was He a Scapegoat?

IN the ordinary way we would not dispute the Admiralty's right to make changes among its officers, however senior, without having to state its precise reasons for so doing. If there were to be a court of inquiry every time a high-ranking officer was relieved of a command, neither the Admiralty nor any other Service Department would be able to function, and the position, especially in time of war, would be intolerable. As a rule there must be no "autopsies," and once that rule has been laid down and accepted there can be very little room for the consideration of hard cases, or the rule itself would very soon be stultified.

All the same we are convinced that the treatment of Sir Dudley North is in a special category. The official line is that he was not made a "scapegoat for Dakar," but the circumstances of his removal were such that a fair-minded observer cannot feel satisfied with that assurance. It is clear that he was not primarily, even if he was at all, responsible for the passage of the French ships; yet he was deprived of his command expressly on account of that incident, while others, who to say the very least had shared in the muddle, remained at their posts. The public was also given to understand that the six ships had made all the difference at Dakar, so that his supposed negligence was made to appear, by implica-

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

tion, a major cause of the Allied failure. It is surely wrong that one man should bear such an unjust burden of blame, and that an officer of long and distinguished service should have to end his career, and spend his retirement, under a cloud.

Contradictory Arguments

GOVERNMENT spokesmen have not improved their case by the arguments which they have lately been using in the attempt to avert an enquiry. Had they stuck to the principle that it should never be necessary to justify a change, they would still be on strong, though in this case questionable, ground. But they have entered into controversy with their critics and in so doing have exposed themselves to ridicule. For instance, two arguments, which are obviously contradictory, have been used against the demand for an enquiry. On the one hand it has been said that such an enquiry would be worthless, because all the relevant facts are already known; on the other that such an enquiry cannot be held, because some of the most important witnesses are now dead!

It is also being alleged that Sir Dudley had forfeited the Admiralty's confidence before the incident of September 11, 1940. This new allegation may have been designed to meet the charge that too much importance was attached to the passage of the French ships, and that Sir Dudley was not to blame for that anyway. It bears, indeed, all the marks of a *post hoc, propter hoc* judgment, and we are bound to ask why Sir Dudley was left at his post at a crisis in our history, if he had already forfeited their Lordships' confidence. The Admiralty will remain suspect of hypocrisy, and the Prime Minister himself of a curious lack of magnanimity, so long as Sir Dudley North is denied the chance of clearing his good name.

Members' Pay; the Merits

SELDOM has the Conservative Party been more worried than by the controversy over Members' pay. From every part of the country appeals have been coming in that the decision, taken on a free vote of the House, that the salary of M.Ps. be increased from £1,000 to £1,500 a year, should not be put into effect.

Our own view on the merits of this question were stated in our March number, and nothing that has since been said has caused us to revise the opinions then expressed. We are still convinced that the increase would be justified, and we are sure that it would not have a corrupting influence upon the character of politicians. To talk of M.Ps. "jumping the queue," and to compare their case with that of the old age pensioners, is utterly misleading. If it is necessary to resort to vulgar clichés in discussing this matter, a more appropriate one would be "the rate for the job." M.Ps. are doing work of the highest national importance; at least that is what they are supposed to be doing. When Parliament is sitting they keep very

long hours, much of their weekends and holidays are taken up in constituency work, and their occupational expenses are heavy. In relation to the type of work which they are doing, and the obligations which they have to the country, a salary of £1,500 a year is not excessive. If as a nation we take pride in our democratic institutions, we must be prepared to pay for them.

Question of Expediency

UNFORTUNATELY we also have to pay for our democratic institutions in another sense. In a democracy it is not always possible to decide a question on its merits. Public opinion is a factor which can never be discounted, and public opinion seems to be opposed to the increase which the M.Ps. have voted themselves. Besides, many Conservatives who might have given their reluctant support to the increase on public grounds, are very strongly opposed to it on party grounds. They argue that, although the Socialists have pressed for the increase in Parliament, they will not be the ones to suffer for it at the polls. Odium will be concentrated on the Government of the day, and Labour candidates will watch the mischief working and do little or nothing to counteract it.

We cannot deny that this is an argument which deserves careful consideration. That M.Ps. should be properly paid is certainly very desirable, but it is even more desirable that the Conservative Party should remain in power. On some issues there can, of course, be no compromise; if the country's life is at stake, political defeat is preferable to dishonour. But the question of Members' pay is not quite in that class, and if the party leaders adopt delaying tactics we shall be the last to blame them. On the other hand we shall admire them if they stand by their own, and Parliament's, decision.

Garter Service

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL was installed as a Knight of the Garter at a service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on June 14. This ancient Order of Chivalry is the most romantic in the world, and Sir Winston is probably the most meritorious man who has ever been admitted to it. But is it really necessary that romance and merit should always be so mutually exclusive as membership of the Order has tended to suggest? In particular, is it right that the Garter should have been given to numerous foreign royalties (some of whom in this century have proved most unworthy) but not to eminent servants of the Crown in other parts of the Commonwealth? The time has surely come to sublimate and widen the scope of this great Order, without vulgarizing it or depriving it of its special quality. It would not, in our opinion, suffer from the omission of a few English noblemen and landowners, and it would certainly benefit from the inclusion of more men of world or Commonwealth stature than it at present contains. We make this

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

observation with the deepest respect, because the Garter is now conferred by the Sovereign on her own initiative. Our intent is not to criticize the past, but to express a hope for the future.

Dr. Billy Graham

ON June 12 Dr. Billy Graham, the American Baptist preacher who had drawn two million people to hear him during his whirlwind "crusade," left this country on his way to Sweden. His departure, like all his public appearances here, was marked by the singing of hymns and the melting of hearts. He had achieved an astonishing success, and his efforts, viewed at first with some suspicion by the Church of England, had at length received the blessing of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He had sought to revive Christianity in Greater London, but in the process had made his impact upon the whole country. He did not strive in an invidious, sectarian spirit; his "converts" were directed to the flocks from which they had strayed, or to which they would naturally belong. In this (though in this alone) he showed himself to be greater than Wesley; he did not add to the division of Christendom.

Christianity with a Vengeance

THE religion which he preached was orthodox Christianity, with a stronger emphasis upon the horror of perdition than upon the joy of salvation. He was able to quote from memory, giving chapter and verse, every description of Hell which occurs in the New Testament. Of course he did not forget to mention the love of Christ, but his hearers were left in no doubt of what was in store for them if they failed to make the right choice. (Mr. Simon Phipps, who writes for us this month, confirms this lay opinion of ours with his clerical authority).

Those who can reconcile the conception of a vengeful God with that of a loving Father will have had no difficulty in receiving Billy Graham's message. Those who find such a reconciliation impossible will have gone away impressed, but unmoved. The latter group are liable to be asked the awkward question: "Is there not plenty of evidence in the Gospels that Christ Himself believed in a vengeful God?" To which they may be inclined to answer: "Yes, but He was man as well as God, existing in time and space, and deriving His view of the Universe, the Creation, and the human race, from the Jews among whom He lived. Thus, while He was morally perfect, His moral perfection had to compete with certain limitations of mind, and He was at times led into an appearance of moral error by what was in fact no more than intellectual error. True Christianity is a religion of love, of infinite mercy and wisdom; Christianity with a vengeance is a perverted creed, a contradiction in terms."

Lessons for the Church of England

WE will not now pursue this lofty debate, but will rather consider what were the outstanding lessons for the Church of England of Dr. Graham's mission. We are not competent to assess his significance to the Free Churches, of one of which he was himself a representative. But we can see very clearly what his example should mean to the Established Church in this country.

Though he had nothing new to offer in the way of doctrine, he had much to offer in the way of technique. He brought to the ancient task of evangelism the publicity apparatus of the modern world. The Church of England has tended to rely upon the personal ministry (though this has been suffering gravely from the shortage of ordinands) and upon the traditional liturgy and order of services. It has paid too little attention to the great loitering masses who do not go to Church, but are susceptible to any large-scale, lavishly advertised appeal. It has also allowed its form of worship, and the very appearance of its clergy, to become too stereotyped. Billy Graham did not look like a parson nor, with the help of his native idiom, did he sound like a parson; and his meetings were full of vitality and spontaneity.

Where are the Great Preachers?

NEVERTHELESS he was not a great preacher. He was sincere; he spoke with energy and did not hesitate for a word; but he lacked genius. He had not the imaginative insight into the past, and into the nature of things, which distinguishes the great from the good. Many must have thought as they listened to him, and contemplated his vast, attentive audiences: "If only a great preacher could have this opportunity!" Billy Graham caused every evening a small percentage of his hearers to stand before him and acknowledge publicly their conversion. But a great preacher would have induced in every single person present a revolutionary state of mind and heart, a fanaticism for Christ which neither time nor adversity could kill. At the risk of seeming ungenerous to Billy Graham, we must candidly suggest that, while he cast a bright light upon the Thames, he did not set it on fire.

Where are the great preachers? They exist, but they speak too much to the converted, from pulpits beneath which the multitude does not choose to sit. They must go out into the streets and stadiums; their names must be seen on every hoarding, on buses, in the underground, and in the cheap Press. But they must be careful not to cheapen their own appeal. Christianity is within the reach of most human beings, but it is the richest, most exquisite treasure of mankind, and should be treated accordingly.

SOURCES OF SOVIET POWER

By SIR OLAF CAROE

IN the years since the war the weight of Russia has lain heavily on Central Europe and the Far East. Muscovy, like the Turks in the sixteenth century and the Mongols before them, leans across the ancient capitals of Christendom as far as Vienna; while in the Far East her philosophies have captured the minds of the successors of the Chinese imperial dynasties. These tremendous happenings, West and East, obscure the developments, political and industrial, taking place in the middle lands of the Soviet Union, lands which stretch in a great arc from the Caucasus, round by the Urals, north of the Caspian Sea, and thence down to the borders of Mongolia and Sinkiang.

Western complacency regarding events in this middle region is attributable partly to the fact that here alone, in territories bordering the Middle East, Russia has not advanced her frontiers since the Revolution, but perhaps more directly to a general lack of knowledge regarding Central Asia and its borderlands. In Britain at least this attitude of mind has hardened since she ceased to be responsible for the defence of India. Yet in many respects this heartland of the U.S.S.R.—none of it historically inhabited by Russian peoples—contains the life-blood of the Union, without which its very survival would be impossible. Looked at from another angle, this region could be the base from which the successors of Stalin may one day roll up the Moslem world and India, a conquest of the mind which would be closer and even more damaging to the West than the winning of China.

The hub of this arc is roughly on the Persian Gulf, a region which Molotov

defined in 1940, and no doubt still defines, as the centre of the territorial aspirations of his country. There are reasons for the seeming paradox that the land frontier leading to these aspirations still remains the only Russian frontier which has not been advanced by territorial conquest or a conquest of the mind (as in China) since the time of the Tsars. Indeed, the sole territorial aggression of the Soviets in this region was the ill-fated attempt to remain in Persian Azerbaijan in 1946. Leaving aside Georgia and Armenia—themselves also non-Slav—the greater part of this region is the home of a number of peoples of a Turco-Iranian strain, most of whom embraced Islam between the ninth and eleventh centuries. Just west of the Caspian are the Azeris of Azerbaijan, divided between Russia and Persia, Shiah Moslems like the Persians, and in cultural symphony with Persia. North and east of the Caspian a confused history has led to much crossing of stocks, but it may be said that the people in the settled area south of the steppe—the old Transoxiana—represent a mingled Turco-Iranian heritage of which bilingualism in Turkic and Persian, common among Uzbeks and Tajiks, is one indication. The Persian strain predominates in the towns and oases along the rivers, while the Turkish strain, often infused with Mongol blood from the days of Chengiz Khan and the Hordes, is more common upon the steppe and in the mountains. Such are the Kazaks, the Kirghiz and the Bashkirs.

Unlike the Azeris, all those living east or north of the Caspian, even those in cultural or linguistic affinity with

Persia, belong to the Sunni sect of Islam. The Azeris, Turkmens, Uzbeks and Tajiks overlap into the neighbouring Middle Eastern countries, either Persia or Afghanistan. All except the Tajiks speak one or other form of Turkic language; the Tajiks speak Persian. This is colonial Russia.

The Russification of all these territories began in the eighteenth century under the Tsars, busily engaged in strengthening the right flank of their long line of communication through Siberia. Russia did not effectively push southward until about the middle of the nineteenth century, and it took her up to the end of that century before, still under the Tsars, she was able to consolidate her dominion up to the present Turkish, Persian and Afghan frontiers in the south. In their later years these imperial movements were accompanied by conscious processes of colonization, more particularly of the steppe-lands, the haunt of nomad tribesmen. These culminated in the so-called Stolypin reforms of 1906 which brought the Russian population of the Central Asian steppe up to 40 per cent. of the whole. A policy of Cossack settlement was pressed in the North Caucasus and elsewhere. All this was undertaken under the cloak of relative secrecy, in a spirit which might have been inherited from the fanatical exclusiveness of the Bukhara Emirs and priesthood. The Tsar's government always looked with irritation upon intrusions into its Asiatic territories, and there seemed always something to conceal. Even the much-heralded railways, the necessary accompaniment to conquest and colonization, were mainly strategic and did not become the highways of international commerce.

Tsarist railway construction was undertaken with much energy and success. Up to the turn of the century

Russia, from Baku, was the world's largest oil producer and exporter, and was not supplanted in that position by the U.S.A. until 1902. This caused her to press on with rail links north and south of the Caucasus linking Baku with the Black Sea. The first railway construction east of the Urals and the Caspian was not, curiously enough, the Trans-Siberian Railway, which was not undertaken until 1891 and did not reach Vladivostok until just before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war in 1904. It was the Trans-Caspian line, begun from the eastern Caspian shore in 1880 and reaching Samarkand in 1888, whence it was extended to Tashkent and up the Farghana Valley to Andijan, with a branch to the Afghan frontier at Kushk. By the end of 1905 this line had been supplemented by the Trans-Aral Railway, affording direct communication without a sea crossing with the main Russian railway network.

In contrast, Soviet railway construction in Central Asia has been remarkably unimpressive, and there is a constant tendency in publications to confuse promise with performance. Up to the end of last year, when some further progress was made, the only really important through trunk-line constructed under Soviet auspices in Central Asia was the Turk-Sib, linking Tashkent with the Trans-Siberian and the Kuzbas industrial region of mid-Siberia. Even that was planned and surveyed under the Tsars. From 1940 onwards there has been much talk of the construction of a relief Siberian or South-Siberian line (the Yuzhsib) to take the pressure off the main line. The first part of this from Karstali, the junction for Magnitogorsk, to Akmolinsk was completed during the war, and further links towards Barnaul in the east were originally scheduled for completion in 1950, but not opened until December 20, 1953. Similarly, a

SOURCES OF SOVIET POWER

link line from Mointy to Chu was to join Akmolinsk directly with the southern railway system and was originally scheduled for opening in 1947, but not completed until October, 1953. It is amusing to notice that the press correspondents charged with describing the opening ceremonies of both lines attempted to minimize the delays by reporting in each case that before the official cutting of the tape "hundreds of trains" had already passed over the tracks!

The railway system of Russian Central Asia* naturally gives the clue to the industrial and commercial set-up of this all-important part of the Union. Agriculturally the southern parts of these territories have their importance as the present-day suppliers of the whole of Russia's raw cotton. In Tsarist times the cultivation of the cash crop of cotton was pressed and the consequent diminution of the area under grain entailed the import of corn from Russia to meet a deficiency high enough more than once to involve the country in serious famine. The Soviets have to some extent reversed this process by bringing the mills into Asia in order to manufacture on the spot, but there is still a measure of economic dependence owing to periodic shortages of grain. There are also the discontents inseparable from the enforcement of a collectivized agriculture on a peasant system of small-holders.

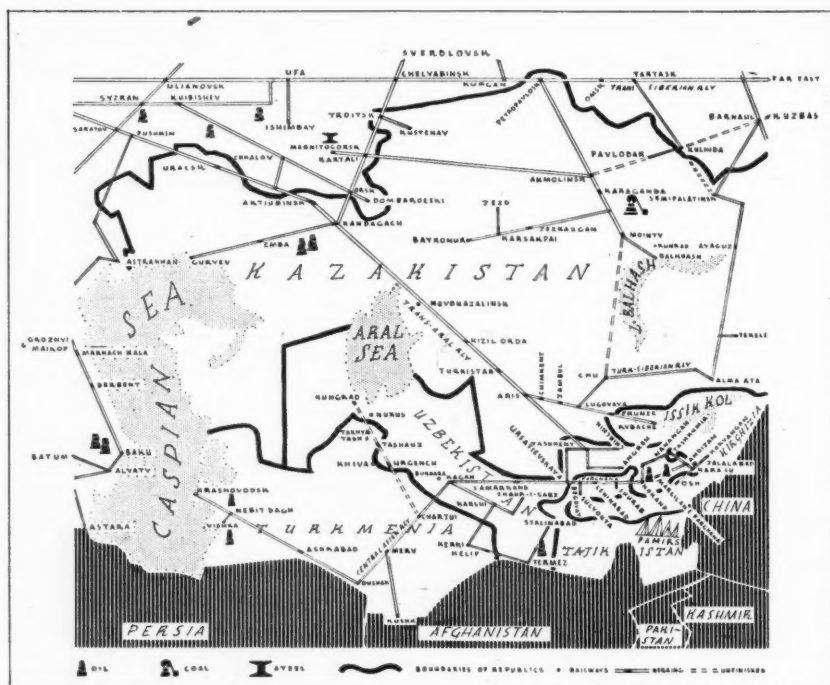
These territories might also have been the suppliers of food in the form of meat on a vast scale, which could have served even for export from the Union. But the Soviet policies directed against

nomadism have made that impossible. Russian statistics themselves show that the ruthless execution of measures to suppress the nomads and use them as industrial workers led to the disappearance of one in three of the herdsmen and three in four of their animals in the ten years after 1929. Since the death of Stalin many announcements have been made by Krushchev and others lamenting the failure of stock-breeding and the diminution of herds; the reason is to be sought in the failure to understand that a nomadic life suits the pastoral conditions of certain climates. It is even worth suggesting that mechanical planning does not go to the root of the art of animal management.

The nomads who survived were sent to work in heavy and light industry. The industrial layout was complex. It had been the main objective of the first two Five Year Plans to create centres of industry in the Urals and beyond, out of reach of any invader. At immense cost in life and suffering the programme was pressed forward with an undoubted grandeur both in the plan and its achievement. As a result, the sites of heavy industry are to be found in the Urals and the Kuzbas, the former with its iron-ore and steel foundries around Magnitogorsk and the latter with rich coal deposits supplying the metallurgical foundation of the heavy industry base to supplement or replace that in the Ukraine.

But this is not all. North of Balkhash and in the Jezkazgan area of Kazakhstan are the largest copper-workings and smelting plants in the Union. At Karaganda is the third largest coal-field in the Union, and there is coal also at Angren near Tashkent and at Tashkumir and elsewhere in Farghana. At Chimkent is the largest lead centre in the Union. A great Soviet achievement has been to bring the mills into Central Asia and process the crops

* Meaning in this context the five S.S.R.s of Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, Turkmenia and Kirghizia, and also those parts of the R.S.F.S.R. adjacent to the above in the Urals and the Altai towards the Kuzbas. According to Soviet classification *Srednyaya Aziya* does not include Kazakhstan or adjacent areas.



locally. There is a very large textile combine for cotton at Tashkent named after Stalin, while for silk there is a factory at Margilan in Farghana, said to be the largest in the world and integrating all processes to the weaving of the final material. There are reports of mining of mercury, radium and uranium in the mountains around the Farghana Valley.

But it is perhaps through a study of oil resources that it becomes possible to bring into the clearest focus the strength or the weakness of any modern economy. I have already said that before 1900 Russia led the world in the oil trade, and oil, like timber, is a traditional Russian export. It is a strange coincidence that almost the whole of Russian crude oil is produced either on the edge of Russian territory very close to an international frontier

or in areas historically a part of "colonial" Russia, inhabited in the days before Russification exclusively by Moslem peoples of Turkic stock. This applies to Baku in Azerbaijan, to the oil-producing areas around Ishimbay in the Urals (a part of the so-called "Second Baku") and to all the fields in Central Asia itself. It is broadly true to say that the bulk of Russia's crude oil comes from around the Caspian Sea, just as more than half the proved oil reserves of the whole world, and one-fifth its present production, are drawn from around the not very distant Persian Gulf, that target of Molotov's territorial aspirations.

It is worth while to make some attempt to set Soviet oil production in perspective with that of the rest of the world. A thumb-nail sketch may serve. World production for 1953 was

SOURCES OF SOVIET POWER

a little over 600 million tons, of which:

U.S.A. produced	1/2	} Total 1
Middle East (without Persia)	1/5	
Caribbean	1/6	
U.S.S.R.	1/12	
Others (Canada, Mexico, East Indies, etc.)	1/20	

All these vulgar fractions neatly divide 600, so the sum is simple. The actual U.S.S.R. production in 1953, announced by Malenkov as realized, was 52 million tons, against 47 million tons in 1952. This, coming from the vast area of the Union, is not much more than is produced in the tiny Persian Gulf state of Kuwait (43 million tons in 1953 out of a total Middle East production, without Persia, of about 120 million tons).

Apart from the relatively low U.S.S.R. production there are interesting trends to observe. Of these the most striking is the acknowledgment, even in *Pravda*, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that the production of Baku can be kept from declining, so that countervailing increases have to be looked for in other fields. The following table illustrates this point and gives a breakdown by fields:

Million tons

	Target 1950 (4th Five-Year Plan)	Actuals 1950	Break-down* 1952	1953
Baku	17-00	15-10	15-00	No breakdown attempted
Groznyi, Maikap, etc.	4-95	5-11	6-00	
"Second Baku"	8-48	12-60	19-00	
Ukraine . . .	-33	-34	-30	
Central Asia . .	2-30	3-20	4-50	
Far East (Sak) . .	2-00	-90	1-90	
North Russia . .	-34	-35	-30	
	35-40	37-60	47-00†	52-00†

* Breakdown mine, based on previous trends and on one fortuitous Russian figure of 19 million tons available for "Second Baku."

† Malenkov's totals.

The target of the fifth Five Year Plan for 1955 is 70 million tons. If

this is to be fulfilled, the present rate of growth will have to be exceeded.

There is a tendency to assume that figures of production exhaust the tale of comparative oil resources. The distribution side is even more significant. In Russian conditions it is obvious that the oil industry suffers from the problems inherent in moving oil on fixed alignments over vast continental territories rather than over the ocean on hundreds of possible routes by tanker. There are other factors. The movement of oil by land when roads are scarce, as in Russia, must take place by rail, by inland lake or river, or by pipeline. It has been estimated that the carriage of 100,000 tons of oil in 10-ton wagons by rail over 1,000 kilometres will occupy 130 kilometres of track. Multiply the capacity of the wagons by three and the figure remains formidable. In Russia the Caspian, and rivers such as the Volga, are admirably sited on the map for water transport, but the northern Caspian is very shallow and difficult of navigation, and the Volga waterways south of Astrakhan call for reshipment, before they can serve for heavy transport. Moreover, the rivers are frozen for many months in winter. Behind all these difficulties of season and nature there remain the problems which arise from the fact that oil in Russia is produced only at a few centres situated for the most part at vast distances from the chief areas of utilization.

It might be thought, then, that the solution was transport by pipeline. Except in the Baku-Batum area between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and in the Emba* area, north-east of the Caspian, the evidence regarding oil pipe-line construction and availability

* Sometimes counted as part of the "Second Baku," sometimes included with the Central Asian fields. Emba produces between 1 and 2 million tons annually.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

is very scanty. It is jealously excluded from Soviet publications. There is mention of short lines from field to rail, but outside the areas mentioned there seems to be no corroboration of the existence of any long-distance pipe-line, with one exception. This relates to a branch pipe-line from north of the Caucasus, believed to lead via Trudovaya to Voronezh, and possibly, but by no means certainly, to Moscow. As far as I know, there is nothing definite to show whether there are any pipe-lines to supplement rail carriage on the long hauls from the Urals or Central Asia to the Kuzbas and the Far East.

The difficulties of distribution will become clearer if we break down the U.S.S.R. into regions, those which produce surplus oil and those which, producing little or none, are deficit and heavy consuming areas. The eleven zones in the table following are borrowed from Soviet statisticians; the demand figures are based on old 1937 estimates related to the then production, and amended by myself to fit the 1952 production breakdown given above. In making these amendments I have assumed that:

- (a) Production having risen from 27 million in 1937 to 47 million tons in 1952, the lowest demand in any zone, should rise in that proportion, viz. by 74 per cent.
- (b) "Demand" must include current consumption plus stockpiling, and stockpiling is likely to be heaviest in the zones which are the nearest to the new production in "Second Baku" and most distant from frontiers. In those cases the increase might be at the rate of 100 per cent.
- (c) The advent of the Communist régime in China, and the Korean war, must have led to a very greatly increased demand both on current consumption, and for stockpiling in the Far East zone. (China produces next to no oil herself.) The figure for

that zone has therefore been raised by 300 per cent., or quadrupled.

These premises lead to the following:

Million tons

Zone	Output 1952	Demand	Surplus or Deficit
North Russia ..	·3	1·8	- 1·5
Urals plus Emba ..	13·0	7·0	+ 6·0*
Central Volga ..	6·0	4·2	+ 1·8*
W. Siberia ..	—	1·9	- 1·9
Far East ..	1·9	6·6	- 4·7
Central Asia ..	4·5	1·1	+ 3·4
Caucasus ..	21·0	5·7	+15·3
South ..	—	6·7	- 6·7
South-West ..	·3	1·2	- ·9
Centre ..	—	9·3	- 9·3
North-West ..	—	2·8	- 2·8
Totals	47·0	48·3	+26·5 -27·8
Balance from Satellites ..	1·3		+ 1·3

* Second Baku.

Analysis of the above shows an aggregate of 27·8 million tons to be moved annually from the four surplus production zones and the satellites to deficit zones of which those in heaviest deficit were Central and South European Russia and the Far East. The centre and the Far East would have to depend on "Second Baku" and Central Asia, the south on the Caucasus. In the absence of pipe-lines, supply to the Far East by rail presents an immense logistic problem.

Treatment of the Caucasus as a single zone is misleading. It consists of:

- (a) Three main fields, viz., Baku, Grozny, Maikop.
- (b) Five main seaports:
 - (i) South of mountains: Baku on Caspian and Batum on Black Sea.
 - (ii) North of mountains: Mak-hachkala on Caspian and Tuapze and Novorossiysk on Black Sea.
- (c) Possibly six pipe-lines:
 - (i) Baku to Batum.

SOURCES OF SOVIET POWER

- (ii) Baku to Makhachkala (uncertain).
- (iii) Makhachkala to Grozny.
- (iv) Grozny via Maikop to Tuapse.
- (v) Maikop to Krasnodar.
- (vi) Grozny to Trudovaya (and possibly on to Voronezh and Moscow).

Of these all but the last transport oil over and within the Caucasus zone, but their existence is vital to the functioning of what is still the largest surplus oil complex in the Union. The oil economy of the whole country must depend on the efficient transport of the oil products of Baku to the Black Sea and of Grozny and Maikop to the Caspian and the Black Sea. The discoveries in the less exposed Urals and Central Volga region have prevented the gradual tailing-off of oil production in the U.S.S.R., but the Caucasus, with its non-Slav and Moslem populations perhaps not even yet wholly digested, remains an essential key.

Given the relatively low oil production of Russia, it is surprising to find that in the last two years she has found it possible to resume her traditional exports of oil. Yet such is the case. In 1952 oil exports totalled nearly one million tons, mainly to Finland and Italy, in 1953 shipments were nearly doubled, while later trade agreements, already concluded, indicate that, apart from what Russia sends to China and Korea, she may export some 4 million tons in the current year, France, Denmark and Israel being included as customers.* Stocks for this purpose are available in the 8 to 10 million tons produced by the satellites which, on a diet of starvation themselves, can meet both the marginal deficit of the U.S.S.R. and this demand for export. Those chiefly affected are Roumania and Austria. Here is one potent reason why

the Soviets do not relinquish their hold on these countries.

It is of course true that, in comparison with the West, Russia's own consumption is low, and is restricted by policy and by low standards of living. Her main incentive to export is similar to ours with coal, namely, to obtain much-needed imports by squeezing out for export a difficult margin of a primary product in great demand at home. But in her case this is achieved mainly at the expense of the satellites. It is significant that the drive to resume oil exports, so well-known in earlier years, has coincided with the post-Stalin endeavours to make a wider range of consumer goods available to the people.

Oil provides the sinews of war, and, more than any other raw material, is the motive power of a modern social and economic organism in time of peace. There are many interesting features about this industry as it has been developed in the U.S.S.R. Originally almost the sole and much the most important producer, Russia has fallen right out of the race. With about one-sixth of the production of the U.S.A. she has to supply a larger population over a wider distribution area. Moreover she is under the necessity of supplying her ally China, whose own oil production is at present negligible, and whose population, added to her own, makes up something like one-third of the population of the world. Thus one-third of the people are dependent on one-twelfth of the fuel. Yet such is Russia's need of imports that she is driven to export a portion even of this scanty material.

Over and above this is the fact that nearly all Russia's oil is located in "colonial" regions, much of it on the outer perimeter of her domain. Baku, itself a cosmopolitan centre crowded with Russians and Armenians, is in Moslem Azerbaijan. The "Second

* Petroleum Press Service, March 1954.

Baku," partly on the Central Volga and in Russia proper, has its most productive wells at Ishimbay in what was the territory of the Ural Bashkirs, also Moslems. The Emba wells are in Kazakistan, the Nebit Daghs wells in Turkmenia, the Farghana wells on the tangled frontiers of Uzbekistan, Tajikistan and Kirghizia in the Farghana region. Even Sakhalin on its Pacific island is on the outer periphery of the Empire.

The events of World War II proved that up to that time the Turco-Iranian peoples of the U.S.S.R. had not been fully digested in the system. It is an understatement to affirm that their loyalty was not above suspicion. It is not surprising that, with the vital centres of its industry so near the perimeter, the Kremlin should move with caution on the frontiers of the

Middle East. Nor is it only oil that is here at stake; it is cotton, silk, coal, copper, lead, and other things.

The perspective is complete when we remember the conditions so contrasted with those around the Caspian, which obtain around the Persian Gulf. There, more than twice all Russia's production is obtained from the most prolific oil wells in existence. On these, now that the U.S.A. is a net importer, Europe very largely, and Southern Asia almost entirely, depend. If the Persian Gulf is still the centre of Russia's territorial aspirations, its defence becomes with every year a more insistent challenge to the free world. This is the reality not only for the West, but for the countries of South Asia and the Middle East also. It is one which leaves no room for neutralism.

OLAF CAROE.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

By MARK CHAPMAN-WALKER

I FIRST saw Din Van Ha in June, 1941. He was wandering round the streets of a deserted Damascus looking for food. British troops only a few hours before had entered the city after the capitulation of the Vichy French forces. Those of the inhabitants of the city who had not fled to the foothills of the Ante-Lebanon were now hiding behind locked doors and shuttered windows.

He looked like a diminutive Red Indian, his face was ochre red and his dark eyes peered out through a curtain of jet black hair. He did not seem to be very afraid, although he appeared to be the only person alive in Damascus. His manner was brisk and unservile, and in the strangest of French, which

although it had no grammatical form I always found easy to understand, he told me that he was an Indo-Chinese conscript who had come in a labour battalion from Tongking two years before and since his arrival in Syria had worked as a valet to the French Governor.

For the next four years, until I delivered him at the end of 1945 to Ho Chi-Minh in Hanoi, he was my batman. The future of this delightful little man became for me a war aim. He seemed a supremely displaced person lacking status, nationality or right of care by any organized body. He was the débris not only of a World War but also the victim of the internecine war of France. The thought

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

that sustained him throughout his years of exile was his Annamite wife who had remained in the paddy fields of the Red River Delta.

The caprice of military service took Din Van Ha in the next few years to North Africa, Italy and Greece, and finally to England, America and China. Throughout the years, whether serving refreshment to Mr. Churchill in a plane over Corsica, which was taking the Prime Minister to the South of France assault, or helping Claire Luce in Washington to mend a torn dress, Din Van Ha remained silent, quick, immensely full of a pristine *joie de vivre* and unswervingly loyal. Such qualities made it imperative that he should survive to return to Tongking, and so when in June, 1945, he found himself with me in Chungking it seemed that a destiny even more powerful than that controlled by the War Office had benevolently brought him across the world to within 600 miles of his home.

We arrived in Hanoi in November, 1945, in an aeroplane belonging to Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek. At the Potsdam Conference it had been decided that until the French were able to take over again, all of Indo-China north of the 16th Parallel should be garrisoned by the Chinese and south of it by the British. The occupants of the plane, however, did not suggest the short spell of garrison duty that the statesmen of Potsdam had anticipated. Our fellow passengers were senior Chinese officers and their wives who had brought with them every form of household equipment that lavish American aid to the Kuomintang had doubtless provided.

The faded elegance of the "Air France" airport outside Hanoi, gave the first indication of the bizarre conditions then existing in North Indo-China, which, as it has turned out, were

certainly the start, and maybe the cause, of the tragic situation that exists to-day. The airport was guarded by Japanese soldiers, although they were, since the defeat of Japan four months before, ostensibly prisoners of war. The Japanese aircraft on the bombed airfield were being rapidly repaired by the Air Force of Chiang Kai Shek in order that they could be flown to North China in readiness for his coming battles with the Chinese Communists. The Customs and Security Office was controlled by the forces of the Viet Minh who were dressed in an identical uniform to that used by the Yugoslav partisans, with the same red star on the front of their forage caps. Before the Chinese officers could enter the country which they were supposed to occupy, they had to receive an entry permit from one of its natives, in fact a sergeant in the Viet Minh army. There was no sign or representative of the territorial power of France.

In Hanoi itself the situation was equally absurd. The Japanese were the police. The Chinese—the garrison force—were the looters and the French were confined to their barracks because to walk in the streets was to risk murder by the Annamites. It was quite impossible for the French soldiers or civilians to employ a native cook, because if they did every meal contained poison; not that this was any serious inconvenience because the local traders were refusing to sell produce to the French, who consequently were living on tinned food from Japanese army stocks.

The final act of the *opéra bouffe* was that I immediately received an invitation from Ho Chi-Minh to stay at his guest house, yet 300 miles further south his forces were confronted by British troops. At this time Ho Chi-Minh was the self-appointed "President" of the Viet-Nam Re-

public and leader of the Viet Minh Party which stands for the independence of Viet-Nam. The Minister of the Interior—now Commander-in-Chief of the forces recently responsible for the victories over the French—was Vo Nguyen Giap, a former schoolteacher in Hanoi. The Minister of Propaganda was a journalist called Tran Ruy Liu. Both of these Ministers spoke Russian.

Within a few hours of my arrival in Hanoi, it became apparent that Din Van Ha's odyssey would end in tragedy unless he could very quickly receive the personal recognition of Ho Chi-Minh. The intense anti-French passions of the Annamites were such that any of their fellow-countrymen who had worked for or been conscripted by the French went in danger of their lives. Every day pro-French Annamites were murdered in the streets and, as the only police were the Japanese, retribution was unlikely to fall upon the assassins.

We went off to see Ho Chi-Minh and found him installed in the *mairie*. In the ante-room of the Mayor's parlour two Viet Minh soldiers were playing backgammon, but apart from this military activity it seemed as if all the former local government civilian officials were continuing with their jobs, undisturbed by events.

Almost at once there was a knock on the wall and one of the soldiers went into the Mayor's room. He came out and beckoned me to go in and then shut the door behind me. I found Ho Chi-Minh alone. During the course of the next fortnight I had several interviews with him and we discussed a variety of subjects, but each interview started as if there had never been a previous one. There was no taking up the conversation where it had stopped, nor was there any reference to what had been said before.

In consequence there was throughout the period no increase in familiarity or friendship. This, however, was not a noticeable drawback, because his extreme simplicity and candour did away with the necessity for a gradual process of acquaintanceship.

He spoke, first in French, then in English, in a lilting voice which caricatures a stage impersonation of a Chinese mandarin. However, the one outstanding characteristic of Ho Chi-Minh which impresses one, even beyond the abnormal attention which an exceptional attribute generally arouses, is the inhuman witchery of his eyes. This is due not to their unusual shape or luminosity, but entirely to the fact that they pulsate all the time like those of a frightened hare. As he talks one is compelled to watch this rhythmic dilation and contraction and in order to maintain concentration on the subject under discussion one has to keep on remembering to look away.

At this first interview I told him briefly about Din Van Ha, and as soon as I had finished he knocked on the wall and told his orderly to bring the little man in. They spoke to each other in their own language for ten minutes and then Ho Chi-Minh turned to me and said that Din Van Ha had brought credit to his country by serving efficiently the forces of anti-Fascism, and that he would be given a certificate signed personally by him which would ensure Din Van Ha great honour in his own village. Ho Chi-Minh then asked me to come back again next day.

At the subsequent interviews which I had with Ho Chi-Minh, I found him likeable, well-informed, intensely inquisitive and, although he denied it, undoubtedly a Communist. Despite the fact that he has lived in France, America and England, he has assumed none of the veneer of the West which

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

many Asiatics are inclined to do. He has remained an Annamite peasant in everything except his chain-smoking of American cigarettes. He prefers to see himself as a counterpart of Sun Yat-Sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, rather than as a Stalin. He encourages his people to call him "Uncle Ho" and his avuncular feeling towards them is undoubtedly sincere. The ruthlessness and cruelty which is usually associated with dictators is not apparent in this mild, emaciated man with a wispy beard.

At this time and it was of course before the subsequent treaty with the French, which at first produced an uneasy peace and then deteriorated into open hostilities—Ho Chi-Minh was hoping for international recognition of an independent Viet-Nam Republic, reserving for France a privileged position as regards currency, trade and culture, while at the same time Frenchmen were to be the paid servants of Viet-Nam.

France was to be recompensed over a period of seven years for the money she had invested in Annam. Ho Chi-Minh thought he could raise this money by granting mineral concessions to the Americans with whom at that time he was particularly friendly, because he believed that they supported his aspirations for self-government. Nine years ago Ho Chi-Minh told me he would wage a war for twenty years if necessary against the French. His intention then, if negotiations broke down, was to withdraw into the hinterland of Tongking and continue a guerilla war from the mountains.

Throughout our conversations his main anathema was the French, followed by contempt and dislike of the Chinese. He respected the British and expected much from the Americans. Since those days his sympathies and his friendships have changed in accordance with recognized Communist technique and expediency, but his main intentions remain unaltered. If, however, his thoughts of nine years ago are any indication of his attitude to-day there would seem to be the possibility that he might one day become the "Tito" of the Far East.

Yet there are many incalculable factors in assessing such a possibility, not least the recent increased influence in the Viet Minh Party of General Giap, who is a fanatical Communist and Russophile. He would, if Moscow decreed, be quite prepared to turn Indo-China into another Korea. Apart from the overwhelming implications that such a tragedy would have for world peace, it would mean the end of this delightful country, which in its way of life combines much of the dignity and beauty of old China with the grace and culture of France.

Before I left Hanoi I saw Din Van Ha once more. He had been to his home and was now dressed in the baggy trousers of his compatriots. All trace of the cosmopolitan *poilu* had disappeared. He had found his wife but he told me he would never have returned if he had known of the turbulent state of his country. When I last saw him he was on his way back to his village. It was called Dien Bien Phu.

MARK CHAPMAN-WALKER.

CHRISTIANITY AT CAMBRIDGE

By THE REV. SIMON PHIPPS

IN 1949 an amendment to the Statutes of Cambridge University named it as "a place of education, religion, learning and research." The word "religion", adopted in most of the College Statutes by 1881, was to the University Statutes a newcomer. And however widely the word is interpreted, its inclusion is significant of a new situation in this University, as compared with the situation before the war.

As chaplain, only since last October, of the largest Cambridge college, I can give nothing but a superficial view. But though the time has been short, the work has been intense, and therefore something of the truth may emerge. Moreover, coming from a West Riding industrial parish, I am not tempted to suggest that what is going on in Cambridge is representative of the country as a whole.

But it is certain that something is going on. "Religion" has not only appeared in the Statutes. Religion is appearing in fact. And whereas in 1946 or 1947 it was an exciting new experience to be able to say that college chapels were full, to say so now is a platitude. The thick ranks of white-surpliced undergraduates at Holy Communion and Evensong would be taken almost for granted now, were they not a constant ground for thanksgiving and stimulus to further work. A former undergraduate of the 'thirties, returning to help in the University Mission this year, was amazed to find the chapel so populated, and in a wide variety of quarters a spirit of interest and enquiry, and more, a

positive Christian activity. His amazed ejaculation "Etonians praying!" expressed his significant surprise.

For in this University may be seen what is undoubtedly happening in the world outside—a conspicuous turning of educated people not only to thinking about Christianity but, where given an intelligent lead, to doing something about it too. This is not a statement of unguarded optimism, for the term "educated" cannot yet in any accurate or realistic sense be applied to the general mass of the population. This situation is reflected in the fact that there is probably a wider response to Christianity among those who come from schools with an ancient and definite Christian background, like the public schools with chapels of their own, than there is among those from non-residential schools in industrial and built-up areas. Here perhaps more than in the former case the general indifference of industrial society is reflected in the home to which the boy returns each day, and the influence of religion in the school depends on the particular views of the headmaster or one or other of his assistants, and may go no farther than a cursory and formal daily assembly and Scripture taught by largely agnostic teachers. Often, too the background is more of science than of arts, so that from this background there still comes the undergraduate who asks "How can there be God, if he cannot be sensed or proved?" The significant thing is that he does put it as a question.

CHRISTIANITY AT CAMBRIDGE

Twenty years ago perhaps his would have been a dogmatic assertion. Now he asks and wonders. There is a general willingness to approach Christianity at least as a religion that exists, even if not as a faith that is accepted. And young men are prepared to study the Gospels in an atmosphere of intelligent and scientific enquiry and to face the implications of the Gospel, should it be true, and to acknowledge the connection between the fallen world and our own individual shortcomings. All this presents an opportunity.

The position of young men from (nominally) Christian homes and schools was well expressed by the remark "Oh yes! I've always said my prayers; I don't know why." Telling the reason why becomes a major part of a college chaplain's work. In so many cases there is a belief in God and a real sense of the importance of regular prayer and worship. But equally often there is a certain bewilderment as to what it is all about and how to set about it. What can become a very real religion is as yet inarticulate. This makes the three years of university life an unique opportunity for both chaplain and undergraduate, and the chaplain's day becomes more and more a series of personal conversations with people, in which he teaches them why they pray and how to pray, what the Bible is and how to read it, why Christ instituted the Holy Communion, what it is and what we are about as we fulfil His command to "Do this." Once such topics in ordinary conversation would have been embarrassing. To-day it is different. Young men discuss these things readily and treat them as matters of real interest and real importance and are prepared to act on what they learn.

In this situation the two main poles

of Christian activity in a college are instruction and evangelism, with the regular pattern of prayer, Bible and worship as the indispensable background. So much instruction in Christian belief and practice is going on in colleges that the Student Christian Movement, which tended to stimulate such things in the colleges and to take them under its wing, is looking for other jobs to do.

This sort of teaching comes in two ways; either in study and discussion groups, which, as well as enlightening, help to build and strengthen the fellowship of Christians in a college and to provide a point into which others may come, or through the sort of informal personal conversations between chaplain and individual men which I have mentioned above. The latter is, I believe, more lasting and profound in effect. The chaplain's day is soon booked up from hour to hour. It becomes largely a matter of evangelism through hospitality—someone at noon, someone for lunch, someone after lunch, someone for tea, someone at six, someone after hall; and in between numerous others look in about everything under the sun. The notion that a college chaplain has long hours to read and study and think his thoughts beside the river on summer afternoons is quite erroneous! As a parish priest I expected it. In the event I know otherwise. Moreover, it is extremely exhausting, partly because for every one step you can take a person in the average industrial parish, here you can go four or five steps, so that the mental process is more intense. Partly it is tiring, because very many of the men are at the same point spiritually and it is often a matter of teaching the same basic truths and practices four or five times a day. They want absolutely clear, practical, basic advice which they can

remember and which is in terms relevant to their own problems and situation. And the matters which they want to discuss are the vital matters and must be elucidated with conviction; prayer, penitence, the communicant life, the Bible, the meaning and claims of Christianity and the significance of the life of Christ. Taking a deep breath and starting off again the fourth time with the same conviction is an exhausting business. But no work could be more full of excitement and interest, and thought of in terms of what are sometimes the results—a young man who at last has got a plan and a discipline into his prayers, or has faced the inadequacy of his lapse from the communicant life, or has found a new sense of the reality of God through new methods of prayer—thought of in these terms it must be as good a day's work to be called to as any in the world. And the great reward comes Sunday by Sunday as one by one the number of communicants grows and new figures appear kneeling at the altar rails, who may have been away for years, but who now are hearing with a sense of new urgency and conviction God's command to do this in remembrance of Him.

This sort of instruction is itself evangelistic. But evangelism takes place in wider ways. The undergraduate of to-day is often quite ready to be an evangelist in the college, and a very good one he makes too. In Trinity we have a series of "prayer cells"—groups of four people or more—who meet as a group for a Meditation led by one of the members for half an hour on Wednesday mornings from 7.30 till 8. This takes place in the room of the leader. All the cells then come over to chapel for a corporate Communion—thirty to forty

men. The members are active in bringing their friends into the cells and the numbers grow as the year goes on. The cells are a useful instrument for bringing people back to the communicant life and to prayer, especially when they find, sometimes to their surprise, that many of their friends are there already. The members are, of course, weekly Sunday communicants and help to build up the supreme service of the week.

Yet prayer and worship are not ends in themselves, but strengthening means to the supreme end of redeeming and rescuing the world, which can only come about through prayer-fed action. And so these prayer cells are preparing to undertake more extensive work in the college. This sort of activity has for years been undertaken by the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union, and no account of the religious situation in Cambridge would be complete without mention of this organization.

C.I.C.C.U., as it is called, is an interdenominational society dating back to origins in the late eighteenth century. It is strongly evangelical and is in some senses the most effective evangelistic force in the University. Its aim is the immediate personal conversion of everyone and anyone, and its members are zealous and in a real measure heroic in their single-minded devotion to this aim. The C.I.C.C.U. man at his best really knows the text of his Bible (though not always what it means) and is a self-sacrificing and disciplined evangelist. At his worst he is one-track-minded and an unintelligent and heavy-handed menace, putting as many off the Christian religion as his more reasonable colleague is able to attract. Certainly C.I.C.C.U. is strong in numbers. They are forcefully led, with all the effectiveness and the limitations of a society that adheres

CHRISTIANITY AT CAMBRIDGE

to a rigid party line. Billy Graham preaches their Gospel, and who can honestly and intelligently say that his visit was a mistake? Indeed their Gospel is not at fault. But, as well as an insufficient doctrine of the Church and a general failure to understand the ultimate significance of the Holy Communion, they are at fault in their use of emphasis in preaching the Gospel. The primary emphasis is on man's fear of Hell, rather than on God's love for man, which is the final heart of the Gospel. In his Cambridge sermon, for instance, Billy Graham took the text "God so loved the world. . . ." But from then on there was no mention of God's love, only a powerful and compelling exposition of man's predicament. Now this is fair enough. Our Lord's teaching was a teaching of crisis and when preaching once only to the people before one, as Graham has been, it is one of the things that needs preaching most. But for those who preach regularly to a regular congregation it is not enough, and therefore not wholly true, to make this one emphasis over and over again.

In dealing with individuals this same over-emphasis and lack of balance is often to be seen. Man's predicament, thus forcefully and indeed truthfully preached, is in very large measure the result of men's sins. C.I.C.C.U.'s primary stress with individuals is on the individual's sinful nature and its results and its final implication of condemnation, the escape being into the rescuing arms of Christ upon the Cross. This message of deliverance is in very truth the Christian Gospel and salvation lies in accepting it and allowing it to take effect in one's life. But it is questionable whether personal sin is the place to start with every individual. With many to talk of sin may be gibberish. A deep sense of

sin and its implications, with a longing for release, is by no means universal, nor can it always be quickly precipitated. And although many seem to react to this form of evangelistic impact, many are intensely alienated by it. "To be born again" may not be possible all at once, because birth of any sort implies a period in the womb, which is none the less very much a period of life and growth, even if not the ultimate quite new life that the event of birth will initiate. Some mean between the cold gospelling, rather common in university circles, and the white-hot gospelling of the over-balanced evangelical is needed. Something that has the intelligence of the former and the fervour of the latter is required. One of the great joys of a college chaplain's work is that every person who comes to his room is different. And though the need of all is the same, to acknowledge Jesus Christ the Saviour and Lord, it has to be met in some respects differently in each case. The basic principles of Christian practice and belief need to be transposed into each individual's key, even while the theme and its development is always the same. A set-piece attack may often succeed, but signifies a limitation in the grasp of the higher command.

These differences of emphasis in teaching and preaching are reflected in the Christian life of a college. The C.I.C.C.U. members will have their own corporate "quiet time" and Bible study group, while others, such as our cells, have their corporate Meditation and Communion. There are certain very deep cleavages of belief and practice. But on the whole there is also a deep desire for mutual goodwill and certainty of the sincerity of each point of view. As a don of this college has said: "The Church of England is very religious at both ends and not so religious in the middle, and

I spend my time telling each end what good people they are at the other."

Let none of these remarks lead the reader to suppose that the active and practising Christians are a majority in the colleges. They are not, and there is a great deal to be done here as elsewhere. In this College 10 per cent. are regular communicants; and 10 out of 100 sounds and is few enough. But among these there is an interest, a resolve, a discipline and a devotion that are perhaps new and are growing. And Christianity is beginning to be seen in terms of redemptive action in the ordinary life of the world and not simply in terms of personal spiritual devotion. The young men, beginning to think thus, are of a wide variety of interest, upbringing and occupation. They are not just narrowly pious ordinands. Nor are the ordinands! There is nothing narrowly pious about the young men who have heard God's call to the Ministry. Numbers are still low. In this College there are twenty-two and a number of

others with minds as yet undecided. But they are young men of character and of wide and sympathetic interests.

Certainly it is a time of great opportunity for the Church in the University to-day. Increasing numbers are seeing Christianity as relevant and others are perhaps beginning more than before to recognize that it might be so. If indeed it is to be relevant, the Church needs to be strong—strong in spirit, in prayer, in conviction and in purpose, not only among the clergy but among the laity too. The great opportunity of the college chaplain is that he has three years in which to teach and guide intelligent young men to take their place in the Church as faithful men of prayer, who know their Bibles and worship their God and are resolved to use His strength and guidance thus imparted in devotion to His glory and the wide needs of their fellow men. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth labourers unto his harvest."

SIMON PHIPPS.

McCARTHY IN THE RAW

By DENYS SMITH

THE mental image of the man who sits on the limb of a tree busily sawing away at the side near the trunk can seldom have been so exactly evoked as by the Army-McCarthy hearings. You have four Republican Senators, sometimes covertly, sometimes openly, backing up McCarthy's contention that the Republican Administration is riddled with subversives. It becomes all the more ludicrous when it is recalled that the reason given by many Republican speakers for turning

out the Democrats three years ago was that they had been lax in dealing with Communist suspects. Now, in plenty of time to have an influence on the November Congressional elections, we see Republicans busily engaged in trying to prove that there has been no change. In the words of Senator Flanders of Vermont—an Eisenhower supporter—you had the four Republicans on the Sub-committee engaged in "a detailed and relentless search for some significant evidence of subversion

MCCARTHY IN THE RAW

in the Republican Administration. The search has no limits in minuteness or altitude—it reaches into the White House itself.”

McCarthy is a Republican who built up a national reputation by denouncing the Democratic Administration for coddling Communists. If no more denunciation had been in order after Eisenhower's election, the basis for McCarthy's national reputation would have been destroyed. So McCarthy went on denouncing as vigorously with a Republican President in the White House as he had done when a Democratic President was there. He claimed to be putting patriotism above party and anyone who said he was putting McCarthy above party and country was just a pro-Communist. The Administration's handling of McCarthy has been open to criticism, but there has none the less been a certain logic in it. The early conciliatory moves which led to cries of appeasement at least foreclosed any later complaint that McCarthy had been cold-shouldered and rebuffed. Nobody can now claim that the serious rift which has developed was the fault of McCarthy's opponents. There had been divisions in the Republican Party between the Eisenhower and the Taft wings. Care had to be taken not to make a permanent break with McCarthy the equivalent of a deep and permanent rift between the two Republican Party wings. There is a final consideration, which cannot arise in the Parliamentary form of government. McCarthy was a member of the Legislative branch of the Government, always jealous of its prerogatives and ready to defend them against the Executive branch. Care had to be taken, in any Executive moves against McCarthy, not to let him identify himself with the Legislative branch and turn his differences with the Eisenhower Administration into an Executive versus

Legislature fight, in which he could count on both Republican and Democratic support.

The issue which brought matters to a head was an abuse of his senatorial privileges in getting special favours for one of his staff, David Schine, who had been drafted. It was an unimportant issue, but a good one, for there are many parents of drafted men who would at once resent it. This McCarthy recognized and at once issued his countercharges that on the contrary the Army had been using Schine as a hostage and trying to blackmail him into ending an investigation of subversives in the Army. But behind this façade of improper pressure versus blackmail were the old conflicts between the Executive and Legislature and between rival wings of the Republican Party. There was the fact that for twenty years the Republican Party had been out of office and had lost the habit of co-operating as a party to overcome the constitutional separation of powers between Executive and Legislature. There was also the fact that investigations of all kinds attracted more public attention and caused bigger newspaper headlines than hard work on legislation. The frame of mind of those who might be termed McCarthy fellow-travellers, as opposed to the “card-carrying” McCarthyites, was well shown by Senator Mundt, temporary chairman of the McCarthy Sub-committee, while McCarthy's dispute with the Army was being investigated. He defended McCarthy's right to get all the documents he could from the Executive branch, whatever laws and regulations were violated in the process. It was a “game” played by the President and Senators. The President tried to keep things secret and the Senators to get what they could despite this. It was not a question of right and wrong, but of being on different sides. It was also

shown, in a recorded telephone conversation, that Mundt had protested that if Congressional Committees could not issue subpoenas on officials of the Executive branch, Congress might just as well shut up shop. Mundt seemed to think that the investigating powers of Congress, instead of being incidental to its legislative powers, were the more important, and if they could not be exercised to the full—even to extremes—Congress could not play its proper role.

The four Republicans on the Subcommittee tried desperately to get themselves and McCarthy "off the hook." They wanted to patch things up, to make it appear, even at the eleventh hour, that there was nothing inconsistent in being a supporter both of McCarthy and of Eisenhower. While the McCarthy Republicans feel a deep need for Eisenhower as well, the Eisenhower Republicans have no need for McCarthy's support. They prefer not to have it. "Don't make us choose between Ike and Joe" has been the McCarthyites' plea from the beginning. Hence their desperate efforts to cut the hearings short or to push them behind closed doors. On the other hand, the three Democrats on the Subcommittee have supported the Eisenhower Administration and the Army against McCarthy. Said Senator Symington of Missouri: "I am getting a little astonished at the amount of defence that this Administration gets from the Democratic members of the Committee and the abysmal silence on my right." The Democrats could take a detached view, since there could be no conclusion which would not harm the Republican Party. Either a Republican Senator was at fault or a top Republican official. But there were other considerations. The Democrats had no reason to like McCarthy, who has termed the period in which the Demo-

crats were in office "twenty years of treason." They had a better conception, through twenty years' experience, of the respective roles of the Legislative and Executive branches of Government. Finally, they could be more objective in their judgment of McCarthy's methods and manners, since they had no shadow of responsibility for them. This was well expressed by Senator Symington, in a telephone conversation with the Army Secretary Mr. Stevens, read into the record of the hearings. Stevens had confessed he was not a good politician. Symington told him it was not a question of politics. "It is a question of the integrity and fighting morale of the Army. Therefore everybody, in my opinion, who has a concept of what is decent will break their back to help you in any way they can." Finally McCarthy was attacking the Army. If he was merely destroying morale in, say, the Government Printing Office, he would not be undermining national security. An attack on the Army was different. Any intelligent patriot could recognize the danger if McCarthy was unanswered and unchecked.

During the course of the hearings McCarthy spread his net more widely. As Senator Symington pointed out: "In these proceedings, to the best of my knowledge, for the first time in our history our people have been urged to entertain serious doubts as to the dedication and loyalty of our armed forces from top to bottom. We have heard testimony that some of our military leaders are coddling Communists and traitors. Think of what that means to the security of the United States. But the vilification has not stopped with the United States Department of Defence. Millions of Americans have been told by Senator McCarthy that the Eisenhower Administration, this Republican Administration,

MCCARTHY IN THE RAW

ion, has added a year of treason to our proud history. The Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Brownell, has been compared with another Attorney-General, Harry Dougherty, who was indicted for one of the most scandalous thefts in our history [in the Harding regime]. The C.I.A., which is our world-wide intelligence agency and fundamental to our security, has been charged by Senator McCarthy with being infiltrated with Communists. And it has also been charged here under oath that there are Communists in our atomic bomb plants and hydrogen plants. And it has been testified that there are a hundred and thirty-five Communists in our defence plants. But the witness who gave this testimony said there would be no point in turning over their names to Secretary Wilson, our Secretary of Defence, because he would not do anything about getting rid of them. In closing, Mr. Chairman, I am a Democrat, but first and foremost, I am an American. It is little comfort to me that these terrible charges are directed against a Republican Administration, Republican officials and our Republican Commander-in-Chief. It would appear some of us want to end up in this country with just plain anarchy."

The list of McCarthy statements leading to complete administrative anarchy could be extended. He challenged the right of Administration officials to consult among themselves on policy without having to reveal to inquisitive Congressional Committees who said what at these private conferences. He challenged the right of the Executive branch of the Government to keep classified documents out of the hands of Congressional Committees. He issued an open invitation to all Government workers to keep him supplied with such documents. He promised that he would continue to

to encourage and protect "the names of loyal Government employees who give us evidence of treason that has been growing over the past twenty-one years." (This was the statement Symington referred to when he pointed out that McCarthy had "added a year of treason" to his old charges that there had been twenty years of Democratic treason.) McCarthy introduced one document as evidence in the hearings containing secret information taken from an F.B.I.-file, which he said was given him by a "loyal" young Army intelligence officer. Asked Senator McLellan, the senior Democrat on the Sub-committee: "If we are not entitled to get it legally, if we are not entitled to get it by subpoena, then I raise the question: Are we entitled to get it by theft? I do not believe we are." Senator McLellan said he considered the young Army officer had committed a crime and that McCarthy, by accepting the document, was himself guilty of crime.

What will be the outcome of the McCarthy-Army hearings? In the narrow sense of the word there can be no outcome. There could be no clear-cut conclusion even if the tribunal before which the charges were heard were not a divided political body. When two people give conflicting versions of conversations during which no one else was present, there is no conclusive way of proving which was correct. But the hearings have had a number of collateral results. Perhaps the most important is that henceforth, though McCarthy may call himself a Republican, he has by his words and acts made it impossible for him to wrap the cloak of Republican regularity around him. He is now a Republican guerilla, skirmishing on his own and not too worried if his fire hits the regular Republican ranks instead of the political enemy. The breach between himself and the

Republican Administration is so complete and open that there is no danger of the McCarthyites, by "infiltration" and "subversion," capturing the Republican command. He was accused in a statement drafted by the Attorney-General, but issued from the White House itself, of attempted usurpation of power; there is no danger of his acquiring further power through complacency or lack of awareness on the part of responsible Administration leaders.

Another result is that the long hearings, recorded on television and seen by millions, have exhibited McCarthy in the raw. His methods and his manners have been exposed. The culminating point came when, in anger at the persistent cross-examination by the Army counsel, Mr. Welch, he accused a young lawyer working in Mr. Welch's firm in Boston of being a pro-Communist. Mr. Welch observed that only then had he realized the full extent of McCarthy's recklessness and lack of decency. The same realization has come to many other people. McCarthy's hold on public opinion has declined. This has loosened the tongues of those who in the past, while

disapproving of his activities, have felt it politically unwise to express their disapproval. Now that reluctance has disappeared and McCarthyism has been attacked openly and vigorously, not only by Democrats, but by Republican Senators as well. Another collateral result of some importance is that McCarthy has been forced into the position of agreeing to testify under oath to charges of financial irregularities made two years ago by a Senate Sub-committee. He may never do so, but his "firm commitment" to do so is on record. Finally, recognition that there is something radically wrong with the way in which Congress has used the investigating function which it has assumed has spread to Congress itself. There have been determined efforts to bring about the adoption of fair codes of procedure. For the outside world the knowledge that McCarthyism and Republicanism are not the same is of primary importance. There can be no more excuse in future for supposing that McCarthy speaks for the United States, or even the Republican Party, than for supposing that Bevan's voice is the voice of Britain.

DENYS SMITH.

SAVING GEORGIAN HOUSES

By A. W. ACWORTH

THE century and a half which stretched from the Glorious Revolution to the accession of Queen Victoria can fairly be called the golden age of English architecture. After the excitements of the sixteenth and the conflicts of the seventeenth centuries, England settled down to an age of

reason and to the cultivation of the arts. Among these architecture held a high place, and no one with any pretensions to culture could afford to be ignorant of the principles of design or profess himself incapable of assessing the merits of the latest building. At the same time the country was rapidly

SAVING GEORGIAN HOUSES



MILTON ABBAS, DORSET.

Copyright : A. W. Acworth.

becoming richer. There was therefore not only the disposition, but also the means, to build well.

The architects proved more than equal to the occasion. In the early years there were Wren, Vanbrugh and Hawksmore; in the middle period Gibbs, Kent, Chambers and Adam; and in the later years Wyatt, Holland, Soane, Nash and Decimus Burton. These are some of the great names. Other architects enjoyed a reputation more local—such men as the Woods of Bath, Carr of York, White of Worcester and Bell of King's Lynn. And we must not forget the master-builders, their names forgotten, who worked not only under the architects but also on their own, and were responsible for most of the beautiful but unpretentious houses which constitute so much of our heritage of Georgian buildings. Some of the buildings naturally were failures,

structurally or æsthetically; but the general standard was remarkably high. The Georgian builder seems to have had an almost unfailing feeling for scale and texture, both within the building itself and in its relation to its setting.

That works of art should be cared for is a generally accepted proposition. In the case of pictures, for example, the works of the minor as well as the major artists of the eighteenth century are eagerly sought after by collectors, and when private collections are dispersed public galleries are ready to step in and buy in order to make their collections more fully representative. Indeed, in the case of pictures, we might well complain that too much is preserved, that there is too much second-rate stuff, if not on the walls, at least in the cellars, of our public galleries. Why should it be otherwise with architecture? Why should so many eighteenth century

buildings of beauty and character have been ruthlessly destroyed?

The answer is, I think, threefold. First, there is the fact that the very substance and solidity of a building paradoxically often makes it less enduring than a picture. It occupies a space which may be needed for some other purpose and, unlike a picture or other *objet d'art*, it can only very exceptionally be moved. And so, to take some examples from London, Devonshire House and Grosvenor House, each of them an eighteenth century dwelling-house of quite moderate size standing in its own grounds, have in the present century been destroyed to give place to lofty blocks of shops, offices and flats which rise from the pavements. Soane's Bank of England, his greatest monument, has suffered an almost crueler fate. Above the austere screen walls, with their curiously stylized order from the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli, rises a cumbrous top-hammer—needed of course to provide additional office room—which recognizes Soane's work only to emphasize its incompatibility with it. Secondly, there is the fact that buildings, unlike pictures, are costly to maintain. It follows that money will not usually be spent upon them unless there is a use for them to justify the expenditure. If no use can be found, the building will stand empty and neglected, then decay will set in and soon its fate will be sealed. Thirdly, there was until recently a general lack of interest in Georgian architecture. The many had little interest in architecture at all (although it is the most obvious of the arts); the few usually had their attention focussed on "ancient", to the exclusion of Georgian, buildings. Significant of this attitude was the fact that the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in England was precluded by its

original (1908) terms of reference from giving its attention to any post-1714 building.

The inevitable consequence was the steady, relentless destruction of Georgian buildings in the centre of the larger cities where sites had become valuable. In the smaller towns mutilation rather than destruction was the rule. Sometimes, as happened at Chippenham, a fine Georgian building would be pulled down in order that a chain store might instal its standard façade, regardless of whether or not this was suited to the setting. More often, the elevation to the ground floor alone was ripped out in order to give place to the requisite expanse of plate glass and chromium. Under the Town and Country Planning Act of 1932, local authorities had little power to intervene, and few had the inclination to exercise such powers as they had. The general public looked on with indifference.

It was in these circumstances that the Georgian Group, which is my proper subject, was formed in 1937. Its object, briefly, was to secure the preservation of Georgian buildings of quality. It is difficult to-day to realize the difficulties under which we worked in the early days. Often the first notice we had of the intended destruction of a building was the arrival of the demolition contractor. Again, when we had warning from a correspondent in the country of a threat to such-and-such a building, we had no means of knowing whether it was or was not one of real merit. There were no County Planning Officers, and Town Clerks were not interested. To say then that the Group was somewhat ineffective in the first two years of its existence is true, but is no condemnation.

Then came the war. No longer was the principal threat to Georgian buildings from "developers": development indeed had been brought to a halt. On

SAVING GEORGIAN HOUSES



41/42 NORTH STREET, CHICHESTER.

Copyright : A. W. Acworth.

the other hand it was quite beyond the power of the Group to decide where the bombs would fall! And so, for four years and more the Group was reduced to inactivity. In 1944 it was apparent that the war was drawing to a close and that the period of reconstruction would offer great opportunities. The organization of the Group was accordingly overhauled and was, as it were, stripped for action.

Though the number of Georgian buildings of quality destroyed by the enemy was less than the number destroyed by Englishmen in the inter-war years, their destruction was more spectacular, attracted greater attention, and gave rise to a wish to do something to preserve what still remained. The Group was thus able to take the lead in securing the inclusion in the Town and Country Planning Act of 1944 of a section which provided for the official listing of all buildings of "special architectural or historical interest". I

would remark that such listing was carried out in most West European countries, and even in some Crown Colonies, years ago. The Act also led to the general appointment of County Planning Officers. The purchase by the State of development values envisaged by the Act of 1947 has since been abandoned, but the control of land use remains and it is possible to prevent the destruction of a building of real architectural merit, if the authorities think fit.

The enactment of legislation is one thing, its administration quite another. Fortunately the task of listing, now three-quarters complete, has been carried out in an exemplary manner. Inevitably, there will be differences of opinion as to whether a small minority of buildings fall one side of the line or the other; but, by and large, it is true to say that no building of quality has been forgotten and no indifferent one included. The published statutory lists

are mere catalogues and dull enough. Of more interest are the so-called provisional lists, which are circulated to local authorities and amenity societies for comment. These contain short descriptions of the buildings and such historical facts as are known about them. To-day, when a letter arrives at the Group's office about any building, it is usually possible to turn it up in the list and judge its merit. We are then in a position to decide what is best to be done.

The manner in which local planning authorities exercise the powers they possess to protect listed buildings naturally differs from one part of the country to another. In some areas, they are exercised with such care and competence that neither intervention nor advice from the Group is called for. In others, there is still so little interest that the Group sometimes finds itself fighting a lone battle against local indifference. Most, perhaps, fall in between, and it is here that the Group can often play a decisive part. Sometimes advice is needed as to the solution of a particular problem. Sometimes the authorities need an outside opinion to resolve divided counsels. Always the Group is ready to help with an *expertise* not to be found elsewhere.

But the basic problems remain, in particular the need to find a use for a building if the cost of its maintenance and repair is to be justified. I do not propose here to discuss the case of the large mansions, so many of them built in Georgian times, which have become out-moded in the social circumstances of to-day. This is a large and difficult subject—and is in any case not the primary concern of the Group. The terrace house, found in such profusion and such perfection in London squares, in Bath, Cheltenham and elsewhere, is almost equally out-moded in these days of no servants

and small families. Yet the buildings are often not only excellent examples of Georgian architecture but also of sound construction and good for many years to come. For some time the Group has been advocating resort to horizontal conversion. Two or more houses are taken together and converted into flats. Any unneeded staircase is removed and space is thereby provided for kitchens and bathrooms. By this means, old buildings of beauty and character are preserved and at the same time fully equipped new dwellings are provided at much less than the cost of new construction.

Horizontal conversion was given a qualified blessing in the Silkin Report (1945), but it has not until recently been practised on any great scale. It is by no means easy to get vacant possession of contiguous dwellings at a time when housing is in short supply, and there is the incontrovertible fact that to the architect the work of designing a new building is easier and usually more rewarding in terms of reputation as well as money. Local authorities, too, prefer the visible extension of their activities by the building of a new housing estate on, or even over, their boundaries: this is undeniably more spectacular than the humdrum achievement of creating new homes out of old. Latterly more attention has been given to the potentialities of horizontal conversion, and the Ministry of Housing and Local Government has urged local authorities to make more use of the powers they possess to this end. But conversion can only be carried out economically and satisfactorily by an architect who has worked on and understands Georgian buildings. Unfortunately the advisers of not a few local authorities are engineers rather than architects, know little about Georgian buildings and care less, and have no hesitation in asserting that a house

SAVING GEORGIAN HOUSES

which is more than a century old must have outlived its usefulness. It is the hope of the Group that this state of affairs will be remedied and that expert advice will be sought from those who understand, and not from those who are ignorant of, Georgian building methods.

It is the policy of the Group not to insist on the retention of a Georgian building, even of fine quality, where this will interfere with a well-considered scheme for large-scale redevelopment. The case is otherwise when we come up against a programme of clipping and chiselling buildings in the interests of road widening. Road engineers and the Ministry of Transport properly lay down minimum widths for roads of different types. But to every rule there must be exceptions and an extra foot or two of roadway can sometimes be bought at too great a price. Such was the case at Grantham where the Group fought long and strenuously for a Georgian house, not because it was of any special interest, but because it solved to perfection the architectural problem presented by the site, the rounded junction of two streets. The road engineers had their way and the house was demolished: they obviously did not consider it any part of their business, so long as the roadway was widened, to trouble about the damage to the street scene. Again, in a certain small cathedral city, local agreement was reached on a scheme to widen the pavements of a predominantly Georgian shopping street by setting back forty-odd houses a distance of two to seven feet. The result would of course have been the destruction of the façades of all the buildings affected, and also the substitution of a straight building line for the slightly irregular one which contributes so much to the charm of the street. This scheme, which the Group vigorously opposed, is now in

abeyance, if not abandoned. Still in the balance is the fate of three houses in North Street, Chichester. These houses, which with the "Ship" opposite, form such a perfectly matched group, will be familiar to all who approach the town by the London road. Used as showrooms for electrical apparatus, some of it of no light weight, the fabric of the houses has suffered and repair will be costly.

Another aspect of Georgian architecture is shown in the village of Milton Abbas, Dorset, designed by Capability Brown in or about the year 1775. Its simple beauty lies not in the design of the thatched cottages which are homely enough, but in their siting in relation to one another, in the grass verges which flank the roadway and not least in the punctuation of the scene by the trees placed between each pair of cottages. The original trees, red chestnuts, were of small habit and so in scale with the scene. They were replaced in the nineteenth century by horse-chestnuts which are freer in growth; and as the present century wore on they began to overshadow and indeed to overwhelm the cottages. Accordingly, most of them were lopped—but unskilfully and after no concerted plan. The result was so unsatisfactory that, after consultation with the Group, agreement was reached locally that the horse-chestnuts should be felled and *aesculus carnea* again planted. The felling was carried out in June 1953. The Group is impatient at the delay in planting the new trees.

The task of preserving buildings of special architectural or historic interest will never be easy. There will always be the problem of maintenance and of use, as also of other demands for the land. But there is at least—partly as a result of the simple process of listing—a growing interest in architecture and this may well lead to increased discrimination. Without interest and dis-

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

crimination our building heritage from the past will scarcely be preserved; without such interest and discrimination architects to-day will not be stimulated to do their best. As Clough Williams-Ellis pointed out thirty years ago, the splendid achievement of the Georgian era was due in no small part to the fact that "each building that was erected was subjected to a lively and intelligent criticism that served at once as a check and a stimulus to the architect." He added that in 1924 we were still building because we had to, but we were only just beginning again

to interest ourselves in what and how. The interest which the Group seeks to arouse in Georgian architecture has indeed a wider application. It can scarcely fail to be associated with an increase in public attention to architecture generally, and this may well lead in time to the creation of a climate of opinion favourable to the construction of buildings different indeed from those designed by the masters of the eighteenth century, but comparable to them in merit.

A. W. ACWORTH.

MORE POEMS*

By WALTER DE LA MARE

TARES

The seeds of childhood and of youth
Come all to bloom at last;
Pansy, nettle, rosemary,
Nightshade, thistle, fleur-de-lys,
Where they were cast
Spring up in tears, in ice, in drouth.

No cloud, no tempest shall restrain
One wild unearthly flower;
Nor hath the nightbird any power
Nor parching sun, nor pelting rain,
To wither or profane
The buds that bless, the buds that stain.

Only the gardener may choose
To take fresh seed in hand;
To scatter balm for thistledown,
Myrtle for thorn; to stoop him down
O'er mire, o'er stone, o'er sand;
And in his sweat no time, no trouble, lose.

* These three poems by Mr. de la Mare, like the one which we published last month, have not previously appeared in print.—EDITOR.

MORE POEMS

And, Oh, the fever, fear, and fret
Of the dark tedious night,
Lest dawn surprise him, poppy-bound,
Cast down in sleep upon the ground,
And with red light
Reveal nought else than thorns and weeds in it!

No thicket shall for long withstand
That piercing ray; within
His deepest arbour he shall not be hid,
But must come out when he is bid,
Naked as when he entered in,
And give account of all his land—

This was to ravening bird resigned,
And that to wanton weed;
Trembling, he shows one sweeter root,
But there a hedge where carrion hoot,
And this a rose at seed,
And there only dry grass and wind.

While still the sky with hosts shall move;
And like a cloud the witnesses,
In fearful silence of the dawn,
Shall pluck their strings of harp and shawm
And heavenly psalteries,
While he, poor man, his all must prove.

I seem to hear a mocking note
Among my specious trees;
I catch the glint of glistening coils
Where ev'n the sweet bee toils;
And in my labour quake my knees;
And in my memory bleats a goat.

DERELICT

As Captain Fleet, aloof, looked out,
And scanned unheeding night's starry scene,
His thoughts turned inward, and he sighed
At a lost might have been.

He surveyed his Past, like a huddled field
Of wreckage dumped in a blazing sun,
Everything broken, rusted, dead—
Skeleton, sword and gun.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

THE OTHER VOICE

Sweet musician stay thine art,
Hush thy fretting melody;
There is that within my heart
Importuneth me;

Crieth with a voice long still,
Like the soft autumnal rain
 Wooing flowers faded all
To blossom again.

Grievous wood, poor trembling string,
What incessant sorrow must
Pine in your souls to bring
Sweetness out of dust!

WALTER DE LA MARE.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

FROM "Episodes of the Month,"
The National Review, July, 1904:—

Cant dies hard. Thoughtless Englishmen who have echoed the Yellow Peril outcry which was started by Kaiser Wilhelm for obvious political purposes, will doubtless continue to frighten the world with the bogey of a China armed, organized, and directed by Japan

against Western civilization. If they stopped to think it might occur to them that Japan owes her present prestige largely to the fact that China is not armed, and that the smaller Power would lose in proportion as her gigantic neighbour developed as a fighting nation. Japan is, in fact, a security against the Yellow Peril, because it is against her interests that the Chinese beehive should awaken to its military potentialities.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

COURAGE AND COMEDY*

By ERIC GILLET

THE indomitable spirit shown by Sir Winston Churchill in the darkest hours of our history has been acclaimed and applauded, but its full measure cannot be realized until the secret history of the last war is published, and few now living will ever read it. In the meantime Major-General Sir Edward Spears has lifted a corner of the curtain to offer a glimpse of the sad confusion in France before the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force in May 1940, and his post as the Prime Minister's personal representative with the French Government in 1940 afforded him opportunities for observing the jealousies and intrigues which were affecting the conduct of affairs to the detriment and ultimate downfall of a great nation. General Spears had unique qualifications for his task. Brought up largely in France, and speaking the language so well that when he broadcast he could not be distinguished from a Frenchman, he had held the post of liaison officer in the 1914-1918 war and had met and knew well many of the politicians and generals who were at the head of things when the second struggle began.

Prelude to Dunkirk is the first volume of *Assignment to Catastrophe*. The second, to be called *Fall of France*, will appear in November. The story begins ironically enough with a luncheon at Chartwell on August 1, 1939, when Mr. Churchill had asked the General to come down and discuss his book

Prelude to Victory, which was about to be published. Mr. Churchill consoled with the author on the ill-fortune which led to his having just finished a book on one war when another appeared to be on the point of breaking out. In spite of this circumstance, the meal was a gay one. Mr. Churchill was in good form. "On occasion he ground his words like coffee in a mill before releasing them. When expressing an idea he deems important, or confuting one he disapproves of, his voice suddenly has the incisiveness and resonance of a clarion note."

A fortnight later the two men were the guests of General Georges in Paris. The General was convinced that it was the Germans and not ourselves who had benefited by the time gained at Munich. They had constructed the Western Wall, a formidable obstacle built according to modern ideas, in great depth, whereas the Maginot Line was linear. They had also gained control of the great firm of Skoda, one of the largest armament manufacturers in the world. In the air, too, the Germans had forged ahead, and the

* *Assignment to Catastrophe*. Vol. I. *Prelude to Dunkirk*, July 1939-May 1940. By Major-General Sir Edward L. Spears. Heinemann. 25s.

The Invisible Writing. The second volume of the Autobiography of Arthur Koestler. Collins with Hamish Hamilton Ltd. 21s.

Sense of Humour. By Stephen Potter. Reinhardt. 15s.

No Memorial. By Anthony Babington. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

only course now open to us was to build and build and to place the largest possible orders in the United States. General Georges was delighted with Mr. Churchill's knowledge of the French plan of defence, and Mr. Churchill voiced his concern about the shoulder of the Maginot Line, the point where it ended about Montmédy and was thence prolonged by field works opposite the Ardennes, and on to the sea. He felt that it would be most unwise to think that the Ardennes were impassable to strong forces, a view which, he understood, Marshal Pétain had held in his time. "Remember," he said, "that we are faced with a new weapon, armour in great strength, on which the Germans are no doubt concentrating, and that forests will be particularly tempting to such forces since they will offer concealment from the air." Twenty-four years earlier, at Vimy Ridge in 1915, General Spears had heard Mr. Churchill developing his theory of "land cruisers" to a French General and his staff, and how heartily they had laughed, after he had gone, at this absurd idea. "Your politicians are even funnier than ours," had been their comment.

In May 1940 General Spears was back in Paris as the Prime Minister's personal representative to M. Paul Reynaud, who had succeeded M. Daladier as Premier of France. General Spears soon found himself in a position to assess the extraordinary influences at work in the French Government, the inadequacies of the Services, and the universal national apathy, a state of mind as remote as possible from the courage and determination shown almost everywhere during the earlier war.

General Spears has filled his pages with intimate, masterly sketches of men he had known for years, who found themselves caught up in a struggle for

which they had no relish. Pétain emerges as old, tired, and inscrutable. The proceedings of the French War Committee are recorded objectively, and they present a terrifying picture of a nation lying inert, without either control or impetus. Even M. Reynaud, who understood and sympathized with the English point of view as expressed by the sturdy combativeness of Mr. Churchill, gave the impression of a man working under the strain of an imperfectly realized mental handicap, and a climax is reached when the English Prime Minister and his advisers attend a meeting of the Supreme War Council in Paris. Mr. Churchill's handling of the French on the very eve of Dunkirk is recorded in detail. There were no recriminations, no criticisms of the egregious General Blanchard, no comments on Weygand's apparent desire to make scapegoats of the British. The Prime Minister was concentrating on the order of evacuation from Dunkirk. "The three British divisions will form the rear-guard," he said, "as so few French have got out so far, I will not accept further sacrifices by the French."

For the first time General Spears felt out of sympathy with him:

After all, if we were in such dire jeopardy, it was due to colossal French incompetence and, steeped as I was in the French atmosphere, I knew that in French eyes we only came into the picture in so far as we could help France. Perfectly natural perhaps, but we, on the other hand, ought not to sacrifice our chance of survival to the French, who certainly would not do so for us. The idea that we might be invaded because we had absolutely no troops to resist even a weak landing was unbearable. An earlier evocation of the people themselves throwing the Germans back into the sea was succeeded by a sinister fancy in which small Nazi armoured columns criss-crossed England leaving a trail of death behind them,

COURAGE AND COMEDY

until there were nothing but distraught, cowed people in their tracks.

One phrase only comforted General Spears. "The partner that survives will go on," was Mr. Churchill's unshakable resolve, given in a burst of characteristic eloquence, and Mr. Attlee had supported him in words less spectacular but just as strong. The scene must often recur to the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition as they face each other across the floor of the House of Commons, and it is well that General Spears has described it so vividly here.

Prelude to Dunkirk is a stirring and notably well-written book. Its theme is determination in adversity pictured against the lamentable background of a country which had temporarily lost its soul. The doings of the Maquis were soon to give the lie to those who said openly that France was finished, and in the construction of his polished, graphic prose, General Spears unconsciously pays tribute to what he has gained from the speech and literature of his "second country." I cannot believe that any Briton will be able to read *Prelude to Dunkirk* without being profoundly moved and thrilled. It will be difficult, indeed, for the most confirmed Communists to find the slightest evidence of "war-mongering" or any desire for arms in it, but no doubt they will do their tortuous best.

By a curious chance the next book on my list is the second volume of the autobiography of Mr. Arthur Koestler, *The Invisible Writing*. The first, *Arrow in the Blue*, left him, at the age of twenty-six, on the point of joining the Party. *The Invisible Writing* depicts him in Germany, Russia, England, France and Spain, working openly and also deviously for Communism. It begins in 1931 and ends with the author's escape to England in 1940. An epilogue brings the narrative up to the

present day. In the Spanish Civil War Mr. Koestler was sentenced to death and imprisoned. In the Second World War he endured detention in various concentration camps and fought for the French Foreign Legion. Now he enjoys what he calls "smug contentment" whenever he arrives at the Passport Control at Dover and joins the queue marked "For British Subjects."

Mr. Koestler is a most accomplished and vehement writer. At one time a political enthusiast he understands that George Orwell was right when he remarked: "The chink in K's armour is his hedonism." As a hedonist he notes that if he were to compile a Baedeker of the prisons of Europe he would award three stars to Pentonville. In Seville jail the plumbing is better and you can buy wine with your meals, but people were shot and garrotted there at the time of the Civil War "without much ado." During the author's stay in Pentonville only one person was hanged, a German spy, and on the morning of his execution the guards walked on tiptoe and there was a hush throughout the building. Just before Christmas, 1940, Mr. Koestler was released and equipped with a National Registration Card as a proof that he had regained his identity and the right to exist. By way of gratitude he went to enlist in the Army the following day and was told that it would take two months before he was called up. He immediately set out to write *Scum of the Earth*, his first book in English. It took him longer than he had expected and there was still a fortnight's work before him when the call-up order arrived. His publisher promptly asked for a deferment and the No. 3 Centre of London's Recruiting Division as promptly agreed to postpone the order and suggested that "he calls at this Centre when he is at liberty to join His Majesty's Forces." The effect upon

Mr. Koestler was profound. With his European experiences in mind he became convinced that a country which chose to fight by such accommodating methods must inevitably lose the war. Feeling that in England it was not good form to appear eager he took his time and joined up a month later.

It was a turning point. Up to this time his life had been a phantom-chase after the arrow in the blue, the perfect cause, the blueprint of a streamlined Utopia, and now he had adopted a country where arrows, as he mistakenly thinks, are only used on dart-boards. He may find himself pursued by incensed toxophilists if they read *The Invisible Writing*.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Koestler, who had been among the leftest of the left, was so violently exasperated by the "land of virtue and gloom which England became under the Labour Government" that at the end of 1947 he went tramping again and lived for four and a half years abroad. It was then that he first felt conscious of living abroad, although in England he had felt a stranger. Since 1940 he has been writing, thinking and reading mostly English, although formerly he had used other languages. After that date he thought in English, though for some years he continued to talk French, German, and Hungarian only in his sleep.

Mr. Koestler gives in this book what he describes too modestly as the typical case-history of a Central European member of the intelligentsia in the totalitarian age. He is right, though when he points out that it was entirely normal for a European writer, artist, politician or teacher with a minimum of integrity to have several narrow escapes from Hitler and/or Stalin, to be chased and exiled, and to get acquainted with prisons and concentration camps. In the early 'thirties it was customary, almost,

to regard Fascism as the main threat and to turn, as though hypnotized, to the social experiments of the Soviets. "Even to-day, about one quarter of the electorate in France and Spain, and a much higher percentage among the intellectuals, regard it as 'normal' to vote for the Communist Party."

The Invisible Writing has been put on record because the author is certain that the majority of Britons believe and hope that prisons, firing squads, gas-chambers and Siberian slave camps do not happen to ordinary people unless they are deliberately looking for trouble. For this reason alone the book should be read by the deluded and the uninstructed who do not understand that in the "leftist" elements of Socialism lie ill-concealed the appalling possibilities of the slave-state. I have always found Mr. Koestler a repulsively fascinating writer, because he is a chronicler of ways of life so strange and horrible that he takes one instantly into a nightmare world and does not allow his reader the slightest doubt that he is always scrupulous to tell the truth. He is also one of the few living authors who has something more than considerable talent to help him when he writes. He has no inhibitions, but he does not wield his muck-rake without good reason, and it seems that the prolonged mental adolescence of his growing-up remained with him until he matured in his thirties.

The Invisible Writing is not only the revelation of an extraordinary man, it is also a factual account of astonishingly varied and often terrible experiences. It should not be missed.

One of Mr. Koestler's aids to personal survival has been his rather wry sense of humour operating on lines which might or might not appeal to Mr. Stephen Potter. Mr. Potter has carefully made for himself the reputation of being a diddler or wangler on the grand scale.

COURAGE AND COMEDY

It may have begun with his curious performances on the lawn tennis court. It has extended to other activities and, backed by a considerable knowledge of what he calls Eng. Lit., it makes him a suitable author and concocter of *Sense of Humour*. Anyone capable of editing the Nonesuch Coleridge and writing the famous *Gamesmanship* would be bound to have an unusual approach to such a subject. The best anthologies are those which fully represent personal tastes. *Sense of Humour* is splendidly varied and sometimes irritating, as it ought to be, and in skimming over the index I was fascinated to find the name of Baroness Orczy ("I first saw the Scarlet Pimpernel standing before me—don't gasp, please—on the platform of an underground station, The Temple") but no mention of Wilde, Saki, W. W. Jacobs, Barry Pain, or the curious Mrs. Ros, to name only a few contemporaries and near contemporaries. There is no reference, even, to Sir Compton Mackenzie's hilarious *The Red Tape Worm*.

Mr. Potter takes the line that the day of English humour is declining. Times have changed. The days when people regarded humour as a necessary, graceful part of social life, as something to be taken as a right, have passed away. Mr. Potter notes acutely that in the days when Sir John Squire edited the *London Mercury*, its criticism had both warmth and enjoyment. For Mr. Potter the "Great Age of Humour" begins with the eighteenth century, but he finds in Charles Dickens the greatest comic writer of our history, because of the surface habits revealed by him, of clothes, speech, gesture, and expression. "As soon as we open a page of Dickens we begin to see. It is personality through appearance: even the characters who only appear for a moment are raised out of the flat by their physical shape. The man at the

Podsnap party who suddenly leans forward and says 'Esker' to the Frenchman is always before our eyes as 'the young gentleman with the lumpy forehead.'" Mr. Potter finds the climax of the Age of Humour in Bernard Shaw, and he has a moving recollection of Sir Walter Raleigh bringing humour to the study of literature and enabling him to make the undergraduates remember "that besides criticizing the English classics, it was possible, it was even more important, to like them."

The long introduction, which is Mr. Potter's personal contribution to the book, is pleasant, discursive, and notable for agreeable diffused lighting rather than any strong illumination of the English humorous scene. This is a personal opinion and choice, and the extracts and illustrations are wide in range and appeal. *Sense of Humour* is a valuable addition to the bedside library.

Mr. Anthony Babington employs the fictional form for his *No Memorial*, but it bears the unmistakable stamp of personal experience. It is the story of a young infantryman who was wounded during the war in Holland and recovered consciousness to find that he could not speak and that his right arm and leg were paralysed. It had been his ambition to read for the Bar and after a tremendous struggle to regain his powers of speech and movement he did so and passed his Finals. Almost on the night of this considerable achievement he contracted tuberculosis and had to spend months in hospitals and sanatoria. Back at last in Chambers an attack of pleurisy returned him to medical care for more than a year, and half a lung was removed. At the book's end he is a practising barrister. *No Memorial* takes rank with Mr. Kinross's *No Longer Wings to Fly*, as one more history of the astonishing powers

of human endurance. Mr. Babington attacks a difficult theme with charm and humour.

ERIC GILLETT.

CURIOSITY AND ENJOYMENT

ECHOES. By Compton Mackenzie. *Chatto & Windus*. 10s. 6d.

THESE are light pieces, accomplished with the easy flow of conversation; which is as it should be, seeing they were all composed for broadcasting. Like most good talk they abound in the style that conceals style, appearing quite effortless; like most good talk, too, they unconsciously convey as much of the character of the talker as of the persons or things discussed. One element only is at moments wanting—Compton Mackenzie's incomparable skill as a mimic. There are passages of dialogue which would gain still more from that *panache* which his own radio rendering of them must have given. Reprinted radio scripts do not always read well: words expressly arranged for hearing sometimes reproduce themselves less felicitously on the printed page. Sir Compton effects a happy marriage of both crafts.

And what kind of man emerges from this richly varied talk? Certainly not the recognizable characteristics of a septuagenarian, although there is plenty in the book to justify the choice of the quotation from Sir Thomas Browne with which the last piece ends: "In seventy years, a man may have a deep gust of the world; know what it is, what it can afford, and what 'tis to have been a man." But Sir Compton seems to have used the deep gust of the world to replenish his lungs with perpetual drafts of oxygen, so that the quality which shines most steadily through these human pages is one of unassuageable youth. For a writer, septuagenarianism has its advantages: it affords a covetable eminence from which to relax and survey the long pageant of the decades. What decades, and how richly this writer has remembered them!

Maybe grown-ups who met the young

Mackenzie deemed him precocious: few children, anyway, can have enjoyed such surprising, variegated and provocative human contacts in early childhood to stimulate their curiosity and imagination. "It is a fine May morning in the year 1890, and I am walking with my father down the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens on the way to call upon Mr. Henry James." Four years earlier (he was then aged three) the boy had already collected in his birthday-book the autograph of Judge Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School Days*. It is thus with a hint of hardly surprising regret that this youth, reared in the very redolence of the theatre, notes that he omitted to meet Ellen Terry until he was a month or two over fifteen.

That blend of inquisitiveness and sensitivity which made the child toddling beside his brother's perambulator in a Portsmouth street in 1886 react so vividly to the sight of a gang of chained convicts clanking to work at the harbour, remains undiminished with the elderly boy of the nineteen-fifties. What is the recipe? Not a very simple one, although it contains some very simple and well-known ingredients, including the universal specific, "never worry". "I have never valued possessions", says this man with a life-long gift for acquiring and discarding islands, "and I have never wasted a moment of sleep in worrying even about to-morrow, let alone next year." But the chief secret is positive, not negative—to be interested in everything, and especially in all sorts and conditions of men. This gift has possessed Mackenzie from birth. "When a man ceases to be curious his life is finished." And again: "The enjoyment of life does not depend on the extent of one's experience so much as on its intensity."

This capacity for intense awareness, intense enjoyment, is matched now by a capacity for intense remembrance, shared with the reader in a plethoric range of things and people across three-quarters of a century of wonder and change. It is this universality of interest that can invest the childish recollection of the authentic flavour of blackcurrant gums with the

THE SCOPE OF EPIC

same sharpness and importance as the report of an historic comment by Lord Mountbatten on Indian independence. It would be a big mistake to confuse this abundance with lack of discrimination. These *Echoes* reveal a man of marked independence, and of the insight that often accompanies or conditions it. He can be blessedly intolerant. Indeed, at the completion of the first seventy-odd years of a life which has paradoxically managed to combine fierce controversy and colossal application (the fly-page of this volume lists 75 books by his hand—rather more than one a year for each year of his life) with a pronounced gift for cultured relaxation, perhaps the guise in which this writer lives most strongly in the memory is that of an urbane rebel.

GERALD BARRY.

THE SCOPE OF EPIC

THE ENGLISH EPIC AND ITS BACKGROUND.

By E. M. W. Tillyard. *Chatto and Windus*. 25s.

WHAT a persuasive writer Dr. Tillyard is! You would hardly expect to believe that epic need not be in any straightforward sense heroic, or that Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is an epic, or indeed that a book called *The English Epic and Its Background* could be (very nearly) consistently interesting for 531 pages. The last persuasion is the most important: the reader will not assent to all Dr. Tillyard's arguments, but he will want to hear more of them. The theme was started in the author's mind in his boyhood when he was "drawn to those writers who dared to risk everything on one great work," and it has been maturing at the back of most of his critical writing. In this book he has clearly been inspired himself by that portion of the epic spirit which may fall to a critic. In his own reckoning he is heir to rather more than might have been expected, for the requirements of an epic work are, he thinks, fourfold: (1) high seriousness, high quality, the use of words in a very distinguished way; (2) amplitude, breadth, inclusiveness;

(3) rigorous control and organization—"though nothing is lacking to it, nothing is there either superfluous or not necessary"; (4) the *choric* element, the expression of the feeling of a large group of people.

Apparently there is nothing heroic in the scheme, but in fact Dr. Tillyard restores the heroic element not to the subject but to the writer, who must exercise "deliberate valour" and go far beyond ordinary human endeavour in writing a very long and very good work. Whether or not you agree that these are the requirements of epic there is no doubt that they make an effective series of tests to evaluate both the poems which the world has thought to be epics and the works that Dr. Tillyard now puts forward as being essentially in the epic spirit.

Of the ancients Dr. Tillyard finds that Virgil, who was of course far the most influential on later literature, is also the greatest master of epic. Dr. Tillyard's special brand of persuasiveness is in the lucid long statement backed up by brilliantly chosen quotation; it is peculiarly difficult to epitomize, and I can only draw attention to such brevities as the nice point that "we assume that Virgil's reversion to the models of Homer was the most natural thing in the world: actually it was a daring innovation." Herodotus is treated at length because he consciously rivalled Homer; his epic is imperfect because he thought it proper to include a guide-book in it; his style is, admirably, "a mixture of Malory's genius and Mandeville's geniality." Perhaps the greatest benefit of this book to the general reader is to persuade him that he would enjoy what he had previously thought unreadable: I have now high hopes of Lucan and the intention at least to try Statius again.

The Germanic poems of the heroic age are treated rather slightly:

But in another country, as he said
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in
this soyl.

Piers Plowman is the first of the six English works in whose special honour this book is written. Dr. Tillyard is at

his best in convincing us that we shall find attractive poetry and a work of high organization, but he notes that what travel was for its own sake to Herodotus the desire to denounce certain evils of the time was to Langland. The other five Englishmen wrote in the full light of neo-classical theory. The Elizabethans really as well as conventionally held epic to be the most important form of writing, and thought they had a good one in *The Faerie Queene*. Dr. Tillyard is able to show reasons why it may in the future be enjoyed again by a great many people; the present day may be more convinced by one of his more malicious shafts of comparison: Spenser's forests are like the red light in a broadcasting studio, they are there to show something is on. For *Arcadia* he labours patiently, and at any rate persuades us to hope that someone will produce a rational edition of it. Daniel too (not a main entry) lacks a modern edition, but Dr. Tillyard is less successful than Coleridge in making me want to read him; he quotes a good deal of *The Civil War*, Coleridge doesn't.

The chapter on Milton is very properly a summary of Dr. Tillyard's two major books on him, and can here receive no more than the laconic commendation that his notion of Milton's irony is sufficient cause for reading *Paradise Lost* again. And nothing, alas, can be said here of the chapters that consider the epic qualities of Bunyan's *Holy War* and Gibbon's great history. I have tried to show why a book I feared would be a labour became a delight. Certainly Dr. Tillyard has done a great kindness to a generation of students by causing them to enjoy what they will be enjoined to read. I hope that others will share their pleasure. The book is remarkably inexpensive.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH.

RIGHT-WING RADICALS

CHANGE IS OUR ALLY. By the "One Nation" group of M.P.'s. C.P.C. 1s. 6d.

INDUSTRY praised and pilloried for half a century will find no rest in *Change*

is our Ally. Its ten Tory back-bench authors, slightly over-loaded with the intellectual, have produced a hundred or so pages of refreshing and valuable reading. It is to be hoped that because the book is the product of politicians it will not be treated with suspicion. Its real value will lie in awakening constructive thought in the minds of the younger generation, whether their ambitions lie in industry or Government.

Parliament, before 1910, directed its industrial laws to the protection of the people, with working conditions, safety measures and wage rates the main concern. From 1911 to 1939 private minds and public legislation led to amalgamation within industry and increasing size became the leading fashion. The policy of bigger and "better" units began with the grouping of the Banks. The railways, as a result of the Rae Committee (1911) and Wilson-Fox Committee (1913), coupled with war controls, lost their independence. The centralizing theory became an epidemic and the Home Secretary in May 1919 continued the folly, pleading that what was good for the railways was equally suitable for electricity. In 1927 Sir Alfred Mond pronounced that "amalgamation could regulate production so as to eliminate boom and slump." Professor Cole, never far behind, likened the collieries to the railways and pleaded for the uniting of the pits in each coalfield. Road Transport followed, becoming a semi-monopoly by the middle 'thirties. After the Import Duties Act of 1932 the steel industry enjoyed strong protection, setting up the British Iron and Steel Federation to negotiate on its behalf with the newly appointed Import Duties Advisory Committee. These two bodies, one of State and one of industry, fixed prices, production and competition. All these measures conditioned the nation to State interference and monopoly. A Labour Member in 1939 spoke the ironical truth that "the Government was championing private enterprise, yet passing Bill after Bill to get rid of it."

The authors make blunt comment on the nation's wartime economy, and,

while supporting the paramount importance of strategic needs regardless of expense, they make it plain that "cost plus," "utility" and other arbitrary schemes had a severe long-term effect on the nation's economy, destroying the anatomy of supply, demand, and consumer choice. In 1944 Mr. Harold Wilson, referring to the State-dominated coal industry, said that "economic laws had already ceased to apply to the industry." This industry was a sad example of rising prices and falling productivity; wage costs rose between 1939 and 1945 from 10s. 10d. per ton to 25s. 5d., and output per man fell from an annual figure of 302 tons to 246 tons in the same period.

The post-war period is challenged at root. The Socialist Government, fearing unemployment above all, and believing the inter-war "free" economy to be a creator of the dole queue, tightened controls and rationed more vigorously. Their plan of State power failed because the nation would not tolerate direction of labour, without which their ideology collapsed and central control was weakened.

A survey of Conservative legislation after 1951 is linked with a discussion on monopoly and restrictive practice. It is argued that coal and electricity demands are falsified by the dishonest technique of equalized prices, and overcharging one customer to aid another destroys not only a sense of values but gives a distorted picture of real needs. There is strong objection to the tendency of the non-competitive steel industry to indulge in price-fixing and encouraging "a standing invitation to restrictive agreements, interlocking directorships and tacit understandings." The new Iron and Steel Board is called upon to promote "an efficient, economic and adequate supply under competitive conditions."

State interference in industry on social grounds is necessary and accepted, but a close and constant scrutiny should be made to ensure that the rapid and efficient development of resources is not hampered by unnecessary interference. The mania

A NEW REFERENCE BOOK

Oxford Economic Atlas of the World

If you are one of the 100,000 people who possess the *Oxford Atlas*, you will want this volume. It was prepared jointly by The Economist Intelligence Unit and the Cartographic Department of the Clarendon Press. World maps plot the production of some 120 commodities. An index gives a balanced picture of the economy of every country in the world. 112 pages of coloured maps. 150 pages of index. 30s. net.

A BOOK ABOUT COAL

Once a Miner

by

Norman Harrison

'Anyone with strong views about miners must read this book. I believe that miners themselves will read it with respect.' FREDERICK LAWS in *News Chronicle*.

12s. 6d. net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

of centralization will not be cured easily; the minds of too many are immersed in the conditions of the 'thirties rather than in challenging the problems of the 'fifties. Trade union leaders, becoming more and more productivity-conscious, should explain the facts of economic life to their members, and persuade the multitude to invest their few shillings in new industrial capital. Depreciation allowances should be brought into line with modern needs, and some tax reduction be allowed on undisturbed profits used genuinely to improve productivity. The great need is for enterprising ownership and enthusiastic management, prepared with limited but positive assistance from the State, to exploit the "vagaries of continuous and spontaneous economic change."

The writers have given a lesson in history and warned of future dangers. Men of management, in State or factory, should receive the proposals not as a patronizing academic exercise, but as a tonic and, in some instances, a disinfectant.

PETER BAILEY.

PRE-RAPHAELITE CARD

PRE-RAPHAELITE TWILIGHT. *The story of George Augustus Howell.* By Helen Rossetti Angeli. Richards Press. 21s.

IN her study of that latter-day romantic, George Augustus Howell, Mrs. Angeli has been able to use material not previously known and to throw light on several P.R.B. problems from her family memories, for she is the niece of Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti and granddaughter of Madox Brown. (Cousin, therefore, to Ford Madox Ford, the circle of whose admirers might well look up what she has to say about him and about Violet Hunt.) She has a Latin wit and an understanding not easily shocked: only towards bores and liars of the malignant sort is she severe. From long experience

of "romancers" in life and in literature, she draws up a comprehensive catalogue of deviations from truth and acquits Howell as non-malignant, even though, supremely, a "boaster and booster." If she has to dispose of the good story that he was found murdered in the gutter with a half-sovereign between his teeth, she has others to compensate and draws attention to some lesser-known memoirs that contain amusing anecdotes of the period.

The best description of Howell comes in *Aylwin*—that most unexpected book to be written by Watts-Dunton—where D'Arcy (Rossetti) says of De Castro: "He is an artist too, in words . . . a romancer, the greatest of his time, unless it be old Dumas." Whistler called him "a Gil-Blas-Robinson-Crusoe out of his proper time," and Rossetti composed a limerick beginning:

There's a Portuguese person named Howell
Who lays on his lies with a trowel. . . .

Howell staked a claim to hereditary nobility with an outsize Order in scarlet worn across his chest and let it be understood that he had been called to his country's Embassy in Rome from the mountains whither he had fled after the Orsini conspiracy. He had also done a certain amount of deep-sea diving and horse-breaking. What is certain—and odd—is that in 1857 he was apprenticed to an engineering firm in Darlington and ten years later had become confidential secretary to Mr. Ruskin. From then on he was associated with the pre-Raphaelite group and others, including Whistler and Swinburne, as friend and factotum, for he had a genuine artistic flair as well as charm and good looks. He could judge pictures, sell them (also copy them!) and entertain buyers, sitters or the painters themselves, as need arose. He was recommended by Ruskin to cheer up Burne-Jones, went on china-buying expeditions with Rossetti, and wrote to Swinburne the sort of letters that he liked to receive. One occasion on which his services proved disastrously unwelcome was when he brought together over a tea-

table the wife of one of the group and a too attractive lady he was painting. When the artist came in and saw them together, he fell in a dead faint against the mantelpiece. "Whenever it is damp," recounted Howell, circumstantially tapping his forehead, "he feels it here."

His friends owed a lot to him. When Whistler was in despair after the Ruskin trial, it was Howell who roused him to pull the Thames etchings, and he took over all the negotiations for retrieving Rossetti's manuscript poems from the grave of his wife, the lovely and languid Lizzie Siddal. (In her last book on Rossetti, Mrs. Angeli divulged what was in the message found pinned to Lizzie's nightdress when she took her overdose.) If Howell had had the pen of Trelawny that scene by candlelight in Highgate Cemetery would have been as famous as the burning of the bodies on the sands of Via Reggio; but

nothing of Howell's distinctive style comes through in anything he wrote.

In each of his friendships, Howell went too far: overstepping some mark beyond which a lie or a rake-off could not be tolerated. What it was is not always clear, and the resultant indignation seems as exaggerated and ridiculous as Whistler's in *The Owl and the Cabinet*. It should be noted, however, in Howell's favour that the two women most important in his life remained loyal to him: his wife, Kitty, whose portrait by Rossetti is reproduced here, and the egregious Rosa Corder, familiar from Max Beerbohm's cartoon, *The touch of a vanished hand*. Mrs. Angeli provides Howell with an epitaph used by her father: "I could have better spared a better man." Her readers might well echo that.

R. GLYNN GRYLLS.

TWO NEW BOOKS OF VITAL INTEREST

Fire in the Ashes

EUROPE IN MID-CENTURY

by THEODORE H. WHITE

Theodore White has spent the years since the war in Europe, where he has travelled in every country, asking questions, seeking information and drawing conclusions.

His book provides an analysis of the problems which have had to be faced on the Continent since the end of the war, and particularly of the part played by America in the organization of European Relief and recovery. It shows America's reasons for pouring out aid which had amounted by 1952 to 27 thousand million dollars; it tells what organizations have been built up to ensure its best use and how it has been used. It gives a comprehensive account of the successes and failures of the various projects and an analysis of what still remains to be done.

416 pp. Lge. Cr. 8vo. 1 map. 15s. net

Strategy for the West

by Marshal of the R.A.F.

SIR JOHN SLESSOR

G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

In this book Sir John Slessor develops the theme that seems to have inspired the Prime Minister's recent thought that the annihilatory character of modern weapons may well bring an utterly unforeseeable security to mankind. He makes a case for the highest priority being afforded to the Anglo-American Air Striking Forces. But he insists that this does not mean that armies and navies are obsolete, and suggests lines on which they should develop. "Sir John Slessor's is the most authoritative exposition yet to hand of what is loosely called the 'new look' strategy."

— THE TIMES

192 pp. Crown 8vo. 9s. 6d. net

JUST PUBLISHED BY CASSELL

Novels

A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY. Pamela Frankau. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

THE WORLD IN THE EVENING. Christopher Isherwood. *Methuen*. 12s. 6d.

SOLDIER, SAIL NORTH. James Pattinson. *Harrap*. 10s. 6d.

THE DESERTERS. Honor Tracy. *Methuen*. 8s. 6d.

UNDER THE NET. Iris Murdoch. *Chatto and Windus*. 12s. 6d.

TOO QUICK DESPAIRER. Pamela Duncan. *Geoffrey Bles*. 10s. 6d.

THE VISIT. Jean Matheson. *Collins*. 12s. 6d.

PAMELA FRANKAU has the gift of storytelling, a talent for scene and character, a capacity for sympathy or irony as circumstance dictates. All this is apparent in *A Wreath for the Enemy*, in which we see how Penelope's childhood preference for the correct Bradleys over the easy-going life in her family's hotel on the Riviera is shattered by the senior Bradleys' smug failure to rise to tragic occasion. We see, too, young Don Bradley's percipience of his desire for, and his insistence on, another life than his family expects, his devotion to crippled, unorthodox, brilliant "Crusoe" Livesey. So far, very good—even if the Smugs are almost too roughly handled. But hereafter the book rather loses its way: Penelope, dead Crusoe's brother, and the brother's wife—this trio provides another story linked by a central theme with what has gone before, but not essentially arising from it. Nor does Don's brief reappearance make full amends. I was left hoping to hear more of Penelope and regretful that of Don, who had filled so much of the story, there seemed little more to hear.

There is depth in *The World in the Evening*, even if the principal characters, the "wealthy Anglo-American arrested-adolescent" and his second wife, are of scant value. Christopher Isherwood presents the crisis in Monk's life: his flight from Jane's faithlessness in Hollywood to his Quaker foster-mother in the East; his incarceration through an

accident of his own willing; his reliving of his days with his dead first wife, an English authoress. Now, in his relations with his Philadelphian housemates, he begins to grow up, to admit his own gross failures, to see others' worth. So we come to a murkily hopeful ending, if we are left wondering somewhat whether the sordid Monks are worth the author's powers—and whether even his imagination gives them substance.

There is little analytical profundity, but much solid reality, in *Soldier, Sail North*. Its setting is original—a merchant ship sailing in convoy to Murmansk. Attention is focussed on the group of soldiers (one a professional) who are the *Golden Ray's* gunners. Each of the group is briefly but sharply sketched, his past, his character, his reaction to the stresses of the voyage. Truth to tell, there is no essential link between scene and characterization—tropical perils could have served as well to disclose personality. But James Pattinson knows his cold-convoy stuff. To him it matters no less than his characters, and so he beguiles the reader into ready belief in a unity that is not there; which is a tribute to his power to breathe life into his memories.

With Honor Tracy the unity is there right enough—her setting, a military police-depot, and her characters, the women police, are inseparably linked. But her material and theme (Sergeant Sophie Lewis's recovery of an escaped deserter) are scarcely enough for a novel, and the unpleasantness of almost all her characters gives *The Deserters* an acid taste—despite its indubitable humours. But this, like its predecessor on my list, (though for different, unheroic reasons) is a war-book that I should have been sorry to miss.

The reader cannot doubt that Honor Tracy is satirizing or denigrating a real if (to us) unfamiliar milieu. There is less certainty about *Under the Net*. Indeed it is tempting to hope that its realism is an ingenious artifice. If relates the egregious goings-on of Jake Donaghue, something of a writer, more of a sponge

Novels

(but somehow likeable), in a literary London underworld. The goings-on involve an eccentric millionaire, a big bookie, a near-actress or two, a film-dog; and they include adventures that I found less riotously funny, more calculatingly whimsical, than I think is meant. All the same, here is a first novel of notable promise. Iris Murdoch has gusto, and a sharp and witty pen which she will use to greater effect when she draws scenes and characters less esoteric than these, and when she does not go at it so hard all the time. She writes beautifully.

The merits of *Too Quick Despairer*, also a promising first novel, are harder (for a man) to assess. Its theme is female adolescence—the tremulous, strong attachments to people and causes that precede emotional certainties. This topic is sensitively presented, chiefly through a girl in whom Pamela Duncan's title reminds that there is, for reasons of character and environment, too little assurance. The story? Sara's last days at school, her progress at the art school, the contrasts between her and her girlfriends, the growing firmness of her assessments. Nothing very original, perhaps; but the book has this merit, to add to its insight, that it is written with distinction.

The central motive of *The Visit* scarcely sustains its excellent characterization: that motive being the occupation of a young woman's body by an alternation of conflicting young women—one bold, unscrupulous, seductive; the other unaluring, repressed, timid. It is the former who bluffs the body's way into a suburban boarding-house; charms the elderly ladies who run it and infuriates their jealous sister-in-law; wins the love of a young man; and concludes as unholy an alliance as he can contrive with a thwarted old one. The Jekyll and Hyde business deals in less melodramatic wares than its illustrious predecessor, and psychiatry replaces alchemy. Jean Matheson makes it plausible and even interesting, but, though the jewels are in the watch, the mainspring is just too weak.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MISS MITFORD

Hitherto unpublished letters,
Edited and Introduced by

BETTY MILLER

This correspondence covers a vital period in the life of Elizabeth Barrett—the years 1836–46. This was the establishment of the Barretts in London and the arrival of Robert Browning, and the marriage.

Illustrated. 25s. net.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART MARION LOCHHEAD

A full biography of Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, his biographer, and editor for 30 years of the *Quarterly Review*.

Illustrated. 25s. net.

A FEW LATE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

New Poems

JOHN BETJEMAN

These poems have been written since the appearance of *Selected Poems* in 1948. They are divided into groups—Medium, Light and Gloom—and have great variety of subject and mood. Through them all there is that magic which escapes definition but which can so unmistakably be identified with Mr. Betjeman.

9s. 6d. net

JOHN MURRAY

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE Bloomsbury Group (Secker and Warburg. 25s.) is a comprehensive survey of the writings of Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, Mr. E. M. Forster, and their associates. It also touches on the contributions made by them to economics, international affairs, and painting.

Mr. and Mrs. Clough Williams-Ellis have revised and brought up to date their admirable handbook, *The Pleasures of Architecture* (Cape. 16s.). A first-class introduction to an important subject.

As Mr. Graham Greene once remarked that it would embarrass him to discuss the ideas underlying his books, it is interesting to find that a French writer, Mlle. Marie-Béatrice Mesnet has written in English an

able study in interpretation, *Graham Greene and the Heart of the Matter* (Cresset. 10s. 6d.). It is illuminating and sensible.

The Cantos of Ezra Pound (Faber. 25s.) is a very long instalment of the writer's most considerable, but not his most luminous work. An astonishing performance.

In Strategy for the West (Cassell. 9s. 6d.) Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor indicates a solution on the lines of a new "Locarno," superimposed on N.A.T.O. and backed by the sanction of Anglo-American Air Power. It is based on lectures given at Staff Colleges at home and in various parts of the Commonwealth.

Sir Philip Mitchell prefaces his *African Afterthoughts* (Hutchinson. 18s.) with a note explaining that this record of forty years of Colonial Administration was written over a year ago. There is much of interest in this account of an eventful career, but the author would have benefited if he had enlisted the help of a skilled literary adviser.

In *V2* (Hurst and Blackett. 16s.) Major-General Walter Dornberger tells the story of Peenemünde, the home of the unpleasant weapons he controlled from 1930 to 1945. There are some strange tales of Hitler's methods of running a campaign by dream-control.

Professor Keith Feiling's *Warren Hastings* (Macmillan. 30s.) is a well-written biography, devoted in equal proportions to the Governor-General's private life and to his official career. A most important book.

Tell Freedom (Faber. 12s. 6d.) gives Mr. Peter Abrahams's account of his childhood and life as a Negro in a Johannesburg slum from which he broke away

Sir

David Kelly

BEYOND THE IRON CURTAIN

Sir David Kelly, G.C.M.G., M.C., was Ambassador in Moscow during the critical years 1949-51, and his writings on Soviet Russia have since been followed with the closest interest. This book continues the acute study of Russian problems begun with such success in *The Ruling Few*, and consists of important articles which have been published in the *Sunday Times* up to January, 1954. It would be difficult to find a more lucid, informed and up-to-date estimate of the power and prospects of the U.S.S.R.

5s. net.

HOLLIS & CARTER

Books in Brief

to become a considerable novelist. A remarkable and most dramatic piece of autobiography.

* * *

Two ventures into the remote Nahanni country in North-West Canada provide the material for Mr. M. Patterson's *The Dangerous River* (Allen and Unwin. 15s.). The author writes of what he knows intimately. His first book is the result of years of first-hand experience.

* * *

Mr. John Plamenatz, a political philosopher, explores the subtleties and contradictions of *German Marxism and Russian Communism* (Longmans. 25s.) in his exposition of these doctrines. An able, scholarly book.

* * *

Manzoni and His Times (Dent. 21s.) is a sound biography of the author of *I Promessi Sposi* by its best and most recent translator, Mr. Archibald Colquhoun.

E.G.

Financial

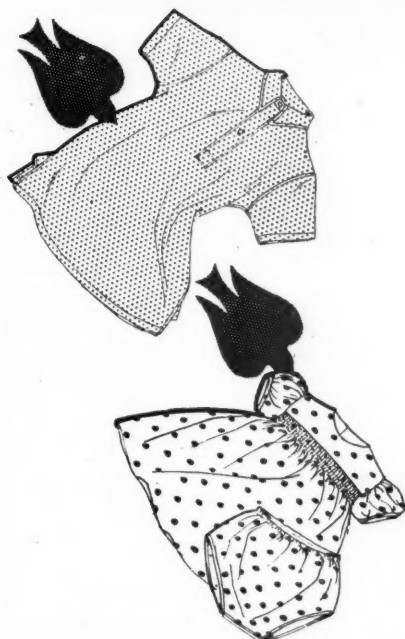
WHAT ARE COMPANY RESERVES?

By JOHN B. WOOD

COMPANIES use their reserves to increase their strength. Whatever is "put to reserve" at the annual meeting, is already at work in the company rebuilding stocks, improving plant and machinery or in some other way advancing the company's competitive position. But this quite straightforward process provokes confusion and suspicion in the public mind, because it is obscured by two things.

First, the word "reserves" means something quite different, when applied

Free as a Bird



You're air-conditioned
in **AERTEX**
all year round

Regd.

Children are always comfortable in Aertex whatever the weather may be. That's because air can be made to ventilate in the summer and insulate in the winter, and there's plenty of air in the Aertex weave to do it. And there's plenty of Aertex in the shops, too—shirts, underwear, pyjamas for men and boys; pyjamas, blouses, underwear for women and girls; corsetry and babies' wear too!

Free Illustrated 1954 Catalogue For your copy send this coupon to Advertising Manager, Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, S.E.1. Tel: Hop 2855.

Do you know the name of your nearest Aertex retailer?

YES NO

NAME

ADDRESS

USUAL SHOPPING CENTRE

Genuine Aertex



bears this label

QD87



An Irish Coxswain

**Is your
wireless
set
WATER
PROOF?**

The lifeboatman's **MUST** be . . .
and that adds to its cost. You can help
the lifeboat Service to maintain its
efficiency by sending a contribution,
however small, to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

**42, GROSVENOR GARDENS,
LONDON, S.W.1**

Treasurer :

His Grace The Duke of Northumberland

Secretary :

Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

The National and English Review

Make sure of your copy of THE
NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW
each month by placing an order
with your newsagent.

CUT OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AND
HAND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

PLEASE supply me each month with
THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Name

Address

(Block letters please)

Financial

to companies, from the more familiar sense in which it is used, to describe the savings of individuals or countries. The second difficulty is that the source of all information about a company's financial affairs is the annual balance sheet. And this can be a prolific source of confusion, too, because it merely photographs the state of a company's finances on one particular day every twelve months. A good deal of work has to be done to discover what happens during those months.

On the first point, when we talk of the reserves of a person or of a country, we usually mean a balance of cash which is held against emergencies. Thus the sterling area countries keep a hoard of gold and dollars in London to help them through bad times when their export earnings are insufficient to pay for their bills for imports. A private person, too, may have a cash balance at his bank, or perhaps some investments which can be sold easily and without serious risk of loss of value. Reserves of this kind are idle, in the sense that they either earn no interest or only a very low rate of interest. If such reserves were used to get a high rate of interest, they would cease to be useful as reserves, because it might not be possible to cash them at a moment's notice when a crisis broke.

A company, on the other hand, does not normally keep a large hoard of money as a protection against a possible slump in business. The board of directors which tried to do this would soon be subjected to some angry comments from shareholders. It would be argued, quite rightly, that it was wasteful to keep a large sum of money in the bank which could be much better employed in expanding the company's business. And this, of course, is what usually happens. Companies do keep some money at the bank, and they may even invest small sums which are not wanted for a few months. But these are not reserves. In the balance sheet these items are part of what are called liquid assets, and their purpose is largely to serve as working balances. Company reserves are quite different. For one thing, they appear

WHAT ARE COMPANY RESERVES ?

on the opposite side of the balance sheet. They are built up out of the profits which are retained in the business.

In any year of successful trading, a company will have some money over after having paid all its expenses, interest charges, and taxes. This money can then either be ploughed back into the business, or distributed to shareholders. The profits which are kept in the business are added to the reserves. Looking at the balance sheet, we can often see to what extent a company has financed itself, rather than relying on the public for fresh injections of capital. Reserves, then, are past profits which have been treated as a source of capital.

In that case, it may be asked, why are they called reserves? The explanation is a legal one. If a company makes losses for a number of years, it will be able to write down the value of its accumulated reserves to offset these losses.

Without the reserves, the company would be obliged to write down the value of its issued capital every time it made a loss; and this would involve applying to the courts for permission to do so—a cumbersome procedure. It is in this sense only that these moneys are “reserves” in the way that we normally understand that word.

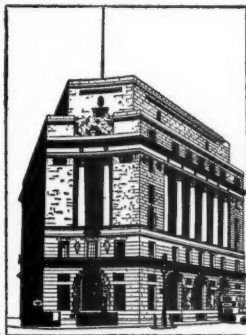
So much for the meaning of the word. It is now of interest to consider how these reserves are employed, and here we meet the second difficulty. A company is alive every working day of the year, with money flowing in and out for a thousand different purposes. The balance sheet, however, once a year freezes these flows, and then takes a photograph of the company at rest. So when at the end of the financial year, the chairman, in his statement accompanying the accounts, says that the company is to put £50,000 to reserve, it does not mean that a cheque

ON EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES

Have you thought about appointing an executor? Your friend or your partner may be willing to take on the duty; but is it fair to leave him with the responsibility, and are you sure he will be there?

National Provincial Bank is well fitted to act for you. However complex your affairs may be, they will be handled with skill, courtesy and sympathetic understanding.

Enquiries will be welcomed at any Branch without obligation.



Trustee Department :
1 PRINCES STREET,
LONDON, E.C.2

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Head Office : 15 BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2



for this amount will be credited to a special reserve account. In fact, the money is probably no longer available, having already been spent in the business.

To make this a little clearer, let us imagine that we are in charge of a business which has just had a good year. In 1953 we made a net profit of £200,000 against £100,000 in 1952. Early in 1953 it became obvious that our fortunes were improving, so a number of decisions were taken. We decided, for instance, to put a new roof on our factory, at a cost of £50,000. Also, we decided to carry more stocks of raw materials, again costing us an extra £50,000. Now at the end of the year, the right-hand side of the balance sheet would have to show stocks worth £50,000 more, and the value of our property up by £50,000. But there must be a counter-entry on the other side to make the accounts balance, so the reserves are shown to be £100,000 higher. This is a highly simplified version of what happens, and ignores a number of difficulties, including those of timing, but it serves to show that reserves are at work in expanding the scope of the business.

There is, of course, every incentive for companies to plough back their profits in this way. A company must have money to keep going, and an ably managed company may make 20 per cent. or more gross on its employed capital. If it did not plough back some of its profits, it would have to borrow more from the public, at a cost of between 4 and 10 per cent.

For many years after the end of the war, British industry put back into its mills and factories every penny that it was possible to retain, after the tax bill had been paid. It was helped to do so by the policy of limiting dividends, but even so the great fear was that not enough was being re-invested to maintain intact the value of the capital equipment. There was talk of capital erosion, and of living on the savings of previous generations. We are not concerned with that controversy here. But one important point

must be made. If, over a number of years, a firm puts back a large proportion of its profits into its machines and buildings, then the actual amount of capital employed will soon exceed the nominal amount with which the business started. It is for this reason that companies make scrip or bonus issues by capitalizing their reserves, and handing to shareholders an extra, say, two shares for every five held. The effect of this is merely to freeze the assets which have been financed by the reserves into the business, in a way which prevents their being dissipated. Bonus issues do not, of themselves, mean that more will be paid out to shareholders.

The mention of shareholders enables us to fill one big gap in the above picture, which has been left open for the sake of simplicity. It is always possible for a company to take the alternative course of increasing the amount paid out in dividends, rather than to plough back profits. This is the one way in which money leaves the business. Until quite recently, however, most companies continued to make the same dividend payments as they did at the end of the war. It is only in the last year or so that more has been paid out to shareholders from retained profits.

The payment of larger dividends has been made easier by the substantial drop in the prices of raw materials in the last two years. When the Korean war pushed up commodity prices to fantastic heights, companies had to employ their reserves to meet the rising costs of raw materials. But as commodity prices fell, the same volume of stocks could be financed with less money, and so companies were able to work off their bank overdrafts, replenish their cash balances, and still add to their reserves. The pressure to modernize and re-equip has died down a little, too, and so the shareholder, though for many years at the end of the queue, has eventually been served.

JOHN B. WOOD.

RECORD REVIEW

Extended Play Records

COLUMBIA and H.M.V. are issuing no L.P. records this month, so there is space to draw attention to the Extended Play seven-inch records, which now have their playing time increased to an average of seven and a half minutes a side, instead of about five. This means that shorter works, such as many overtures and so forth, can be accommodated on one side; a great boon. The reader must be referred to the catalogues for the repertoire so far made available, but I must single out, as especially desirable, the discs listed below, and warn readers that the E.P. record is another nail in the coffin of the 78's.

Three dances from *The Bartered Bride*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* music (not the overture), Kubelik—Philharmonia, ER5010; Overture *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* (Rossini) and Chabrier's *España*, Beecham—L.P.O., SEL15029; Overture *La Forza del Destino* and *Invitation to the Dance* (Weber-Berlioz), Toscanini—N.B.C.O., ER5021.

Orchestral

Richard Strauss once said that he could not compose in the winter as he needed light and warmth for his music to flow; and flow it certainly did when he returned from a visit to Southern Italy in 1886 and composed the symphonic poem *Aus Italien*, a series of tone pictures of Rome, Sorrento and Naples. In depicting the popular life of Naples Strauss introduced Denza's *Funiculi, funicula*, which, not unnaturally, he took to be a folk song, and this vivid and colourful movement is the best in the attractive work. It is splendidly played by Clemens Krauss (whose untimely death on May 16 was a great loss to music), and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and superlatively well recorded (Decca LXT2917).

Respighi's *Fountains of Rome* and *Pines of Rome*, those engaging travel posters, are very well played by Argeo Quadri and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and recorded even better than in the recent

PROBLEM CORNER

Education, we are told, is not so much a matter of knowing the facts as knowing where to find them.



In matters of finance,
you will find 'the facts'

at the Westminster Bank. Special departments exist to advise on overseas trade, to help with customers' Income Tax problems, to obtain foreign currency and passports, to act as Executor or Trustee, to . . . But why go on? We have said enough to show that, when problems like these arise, the simplest thing to do is to leave them in the efficient hands of the Westminster Bank.

**WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED**

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Toscanini version (H.M.V. ALP1101). There may not be much depth in the music, but it is genuinely evocative (Nixa WLP 5167). Nixa also score full marks for a magnificent recording of Holst's *Planets* except in *Neptune*, the final movement, which lacks mystery, and in which the female chorus is even less alluring than usual (NLP903).

Orchestral colour is well to the fore this month and there is a wealth of it in Arbos's transcription of Albeniz' *Ibéria* (which always seem to have an overloaded texture in its original version for piano) and in Turina's *Danzas Fantásticas* (Decca LXT2889). Russell Bennett (a well-known American arranger) has made a most effective orchestral arrangement of the delightful tunes of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, played by Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, which I found extremely enjoyable. On the reverse are five movements by Morton Gould in the

style of negro spirituals, described as for "string choir and orchestra," which appears to mean the strings are treated more or less as a solo body; an interesting and successful experiment. The recording of both works is very good (Mercury MG50016).

Chamber Music

Karl Haas and his London Baroque Ensemble give us the best performance (and recording) to date of Mozart's C Minor *Serenade* (K388) coupled with Haydn's *Notturmo* and *Divertimento* (both in C major and the latter for wind only). Karl Haas brings out the dramatic and lyrical qualities of Mozart's remarkable wind *Serenade* without undue stress and his excellent oboes add much to the success of this desirable disc (Parlophone PMA1013). Also recommended. The six string quartets of Haydn's Op. 50, Schneider quartet: a great improvement on previous issues by this organization (Nixa HLP22-4).

Instrumental

Backhaus is at his best in the latest addition to his Beethoven series, Sonatas No. 2 and 11 (A major and B flat major), clear and sensitive playing, well recorded (Decca LXT2920): and it is good to have a recording of sixteen of Scarlatti's sonatas from that fine artist George Malcolm, which displays equally well his own technical brilliance and musical insight and the lovely tone of Thomas Goff's instrument. There is, one is glad to note, no amplification of the tone (Decca LXT2918).

Choral

Nixa and Vox have both issued recordings, with the original German text, of the *St. Matthew Passion*. Vox, making some cuts, not of any numbers but of recapitulations, gets the work on to three discs, Nixa, making no cuts, takes four. Both orchestras and choruses are good, and so are both recordings, with Vox rather more spacious than Nixa. With the exception of the soprano, Magda Lazlo, who is very un-

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

(Periodical Publications Limited)

The Editor will gladly consider articles submitted to him in typescript for publication, with the author's name and address on the front page; but authors should retain duplicate copies, as no responsibility is undertaken for the return of rejected contributions. Stamped addressed envelopes must be enclosed.

Editorial, Advertisement and Publishing
Offices :
2 Breems Buildings, London, E.C.4.
Tel.: Holborn 5708

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
TWENTY-FOUR SHILLINGS

POSTAGE INLAND & OVERSEAS 3d.

even, the Nixa soloists are better than their Vox counterparts, but the latter are not less than excellent. Cuenod and Reh fuss, the Evangelist and Jesus, give superb renderings of their parts, and the young English bass, Richard Standen, is a worthy companion. Vox have Majhat, Buchsbaum and Wiener in these parts and Laurence Dutoit as a good soprano.

Grossnan, the Vox, and Scherchen, the Nixa, conductor differ notably in the tempo they choose for the arias and chorales (less for the other chorus numbers) and not many people, perhaps, will care for Scherchen's dance-like, and even jaunty, treatment of some of the arias. But he has many most imaginative moments and gives a very vivid interpretation of the great work while Grossmann is more conservative, though nearly always sensitive and musical. These are two notable achievements (Nixa WLP6401; Vox PL8283).

The recital of French Renaissance vocal music by Nadia Boulanger's Vocal and Instrumental Ensemble is a sheer delight from start to finish, and is emphatically not specialist's music. In these pieces by Josquin des Prés, Jannequin, Le Jeune, Lassus, Costeley, etc., there is charm, wit, profundity, lyricism, that continually interest and delight. The singers are placed rather too near the microphone and a top cut and low level of volume are needed (Brunswick AXTL1048). There are many good things in the fourth volume of the *Anthology of Church Music* which ranges from Morley, Taverner and Byrd through Blow, Purcell and Boyce, to Wesley, Parry and Goss. St. Paul's and Canterbury carry off the honours, King's, Cambridge and Westminster Abbey do far less well—King's suffers from poor recording—St. George's and York Minster are adequate. Now that we have heard the choirs so often on their home ground it might be well to record them next time in a suitable hall or studio, and so be able to judge better their vocal quality and technique (Columbia LX1604-13, LB147).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

Highlights

from the latest release of

DECCA
LONG PLAYING
ffrr RECORDS

BRITTEN

Les Illuminations, Opus 18;
Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings, Op. 31
PETER PEARS (Tenor), DENNIS BRAIN (Horn)
with THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
conducted by EUGENE GOOSSENS
LXT 2941

ELGAR

Falstaff—Symphonic Study, Opus 68
THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
conducted by ANTHONY COLLINS
LXT 2940

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Job—A masque for dancing
THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
conducted by SIR ADRIAN BOULT
LXT 2937

BEETHOVEN

Sonata No. 31 in A flat major, Opus 110;
Sonata No. 32 in C minor, Opus 111
WILHELM BACKHAUS
LXT 2939

BRAHMS

Fantasias, Opus 116;
Four pieces, Opus 119
WILHELM KEMPF
LXT 2935



DECCA



THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LTD.,
1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

EDUCATIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS

INVESTORS. Keep a reliable record of your investments both as to Capital and Dividends by using the M.M.R. THE loose-leaf investment register. 30 holdings 50/-, 60 holdings 70/-, 90 holdings 90/-. For Companies and private people alike. No limit to the number of holdings. Maxima, Manswood & Co., Accountants, 118 New Bond Street, London, W.1. Telephone: GROsvenor 3834.

BESPOKE BOOTS & SHOES

TOM HILL (Knightsbridge) LTD.

Established 1873

Makers of High Class Boots, Shoes & Leggings for Riding, Polo, Hunting, Military, Court and Civilian use.

26 Brompton Road, London, S.W.1.
KEN 8020

GOOD FOOD CLUB members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the **GOOD FOOD GUIDE 1954**. Revised and enlarged and still 5/- from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37, St. Andrews Hill, London, E.C.4.

SCHOOLS

BOARDING SCHOOLS, TUTORS, DOMESTIC SCIENCE and SECRETARIAL TRAINING COLLEGES
Advice given free of charge to parents stating age of pupil, approximate fee and district preferred.

J. & J. PATON, LTD.

143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4

Telephone: Mansion House 5053.

Publishers of Paton's List of Schools. Post free, 8s.

SPECIAL TRAINING

THE TRIANGLE SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, South Molton Street, W.1. Full Secretarial training for women. Appointments Register open to students throughout their career. Early application for 1954/55 vacancies essential (MAY. 5306-8).

BENDIXEN'S

Mrs. Nourse (née Bendixen), B.A., Miss Turner, B.Sc., A.K.C., Miss M. E. Lang, B.A., Dipl. Educ. Staff of qualified tutors to women students.

Laboratories. Prospectus on application.
66 BAKER STREET, W.1. Welbeck 5802.

DAVIES, LAING and DICK, 7 Holland Park, W.11.—Individual tuition for examinations. Services entrance examinations. University Entrance and Scholarship. 1st M.B. General Certificate at all levels. Tel. No. Park 7437-8.

Rate for CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

is 1/6 a line with a minimum of 3 lines.

A line averages 7 words.

Telephone your instructions to:

Holborn 5708 (Extn. 24).

HOTEL GUIDE

ASCOLT.—Berystede Hotel. West End standard of comfort in country surroundings. Extensive gardens. Hard Tennis courts. Golf. Riding. Phone: 888.

BARNSTAPLE.—Imperial Hotel. Overlooking the River Taw. Touring centre for Exmoor and Devon. Garden. Phone: 210011.

BATTLE, Sussex.—Beauport Park Hotel. A typical English country home in a perfect setting of 1,400 acres. All bedrooms H. & C. and central heating, interior spring mattresses, private bathrooms. Licensed. Tele. Baldslow 222.

BATTLE. Parkgate Farm Hotel, Catsfield, Sussex. Situated in lovely grounds and surrounding country, all bedrooms h. & c. and electric fires, first-class chef, own attached farm produce, club licence, A.A. approved. Tel: Battle 219.

BRIGHTON.—Curzon Hotel. Facing the sea but away from the traffic of the front. Passenger lift. Phone: 25314.

CAMBRIDGE.—Blue Boar Hotel. Opposite Trinity Great Gate, conveniently situated for the Colleges and points of interest. Phone: 3030.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel; Restaurant; Grill; Banqueting Rooms; Cocktail Bar; Gentlemen's Hairdressing; Garage. Phone 2566 (5 lines).

CONWAY.—Castle Hotel. Four first-class Golf Courses, Sea Fishing. Touring centre for North Wales. Phone: 2235.

DUBLIN.—Royal Hibernian. Phone: 72991 (10 lines). Tel.: Hibernia.

DULVERTON, Somerset.—Woodcote Hotel, facing South, on fringe of Exmoor, excellent touring centre. Hunting, walking, own trout fishing. Central heating, log fires. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage. Club Licence. Open all the year round. Phone: 129.

HOTEL GUIDE

EASTBOURNE.—Hydro Hotel, South Cliff, facing sea. 1st Class accommodation at moderate inclusive terms. Phone 643.

HAWKHURST, Kent.—Tudor Hall Hotel. First-class. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Ideal centre for Kentish Weald and East Sussex. Tel. 2312. Resident Proprietor.

HERSTMONCEUX, Boreham.—The White Friars Hotel. An 18th-century building, appealing to those who appreciate quiet comfort, all bedrooms H. & C., electric fires, interior-sprung mattresses, private bathrooms, excellent cuisine, fully licensed, garages, four acres of well-kept gardens. Tel.: Herstmonceux 3299.

HOVE, Sussex.—Dudley Hotel. 75 rooms, 40 bathrooms. Restaurant open to non-residents—American Bar—Large Garage. Hove 36266. Man. Dir.: F. KUNG (Swiss).

IPSWICH.—Great White Horse Hotel. Made famous by Charles Dickens in *Pickwick Papers*. In the centre of the town. Phone: 3584. Telegrams: "Pickwick, Ipswich."

YORKSHIRE DALES. Kettlewell, via Skipton.—The Race-Horses Hotel: medically recommended; quiet; select; renowned cuisine; recognized motoring centre; beautiful fell moorland and riverside walks. A.A., R.A.C., Phone 233. Tariff from Resident Owner.

KILLARNEY (Ireland).
International Hotel. Tel.: 16.

LAUNCESTON, Cornwall.—King's arms Hotel. For the summer months Easter to September 30th our terms will be for garaging car, residence and full board, 17/6 per day, £6-0-0 per week.

LANGOLLEN.—Hand Hotel. One of the best in N. Wales. H. & C. water all rooms. Fishing. A.A. and R.A.C. Phone: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

LONDON.—Barkston Gardens Hotel. One minute Earl's Court Station. Moderate tariff. Phone: Frobisher 1028.

LONDON.—Brown's Hotel. First-class London hotel known throughout the world. Private suites. Phone Hyde Park 6020. Telegrams: "Brownotel, Piccy, London."

LONDON.—Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1. First-class. Moderate Tariff. 2 lifts. A. Wild Bey, late of Cairo. Sloane 9191.

LONDON, S.W.1.—St. Ermin's Hotel. In the quiet charm of Westminster. 200 rooms; 100 bathrooms. Fully licensed and the very best cuisine. A. Gilles, Managing Director (late of Savoy Hotel and Grosvenor House, London). Tel. ABBEY 7888.

MARLBOROUGH.—Castle and Ball Hotel. Comfortable modern accommodation in an old Hostelery. Hot and cold water in bedrooms. Phone: 2.

MATLOCK.—New Bath Hotel. Indoor and Outdoor Swimming Pools of thermal water. Hard Tennis Court. Phone: Matlock 39.

**SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
MATLOCK**
in the heart of picturesque Derbyshire
for Health, Rest and Holiday.
GREAT BRITAIN'S Greatest Hydro.

MINEHEAD.—Beach Hotel. Close to the station and overlooking Minehead Bay. Excellent touring centre. Phone: 15.

OXFORD.—Randolph Hotel. Close to the Martyrs' Memorial, Cornmarket and St. Giles. First-class accommodation. Phone: 47481/5.

PENZANCE.—Old Coast-Guards Hotel, Mousehole. Quiet restful hotel in unspoilt old-world Cornish fishing cove; excellent library; very comfortable chairs and beds; full sea view; garden to sea. Terms from 6 to 10 guineas according to season. Illustrated Brochure sent. Phone and Grams: Bryant, Mousehole 222.

ROSS.—Royal Hotel. The best Hotel in the Wye Valley. With gardens overlooking the Horseshoe Bend. Special Winter Terms for residence. Phone: 40.

RUTHIN.—Castle Hotel. Convenient for visitors to Ruthin Castle. H. & C. water in bedrooms. Phone: 49.

SALISBURY.—White Hart Hotel. 18th-century hotel near the Cathedral and the Market Square. Phone: 219711.

STRATFORD/AVON.—Shakespeare Hotel. Historic building dating from Shakespeare's day. Near the Memorial Theatre. Phone: 3631/3.

TWESKESBURY.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Phone 3236. Tel. Hoppole, Tewkesbury. Fully Licensed. Under Royal Patronage.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Wellington Hotel. Facing South and overlooking Common. Private Suites. Phone: 20286/7.

WINDERMERE.—Old England Hotel. Finest position with lawns running down to Lake. Facing south-west. Open throughout year. Phone 49.

=ABDULLA =

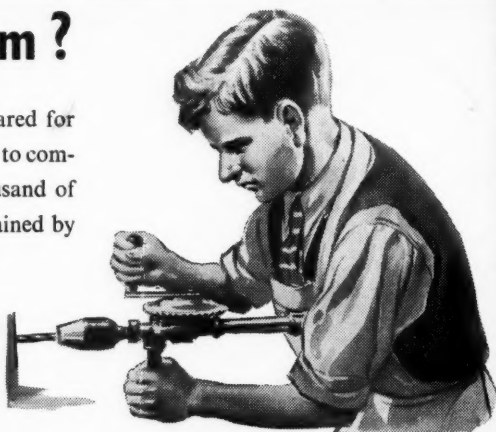
MAKE THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES * *

Will you help him ?

One of the youngsters being cared for in our Homes. Will you help us to complete his training? Forty thousand of such children have been maintained by us and given a fair start in life . . . many more are in need every year. We shall be glad of your help, no matter how small.



Send a Donation to

THE SECRETARY:-

**SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP**

PATRON H.M. THE QUEEN

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

**NOT
SUBSIDISED
NOT
NATIONALISED**